

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XIX.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1891.

NO. 18

LONDON LAUREL COUNTY.

—J. T. Gibson, supposed to be the wealthiest merchant of Knox county, made an assignment last night at Barbourville.

—To Happy Jack:—A maxim to add to your list published last week, "Beware of the man who gives you a drink of liquor and then asks a favor of you."

—T. J. Johnson and Miller John Jones have bought out the depot store, owned by Moses Parsley and will continue business there in connection with their saw mills.

—I am told that \$1,800 was paid for a corner opposite the court house square 15x120 feet. This amount was not paid as a boom price, but as a necessary demand from the growing business interest of the place. A large brick business house will be erected immediately.

—A. R. Dyche is in Jackson county attending circuit court. Mrs. Ellen Johnson and daughter, Ella, of Mt. Vernon, were visiting London Saturday and Sunday. Steve Jackson, of Texas, is in on a business trip. A. Chelmon, of London, was elected one of the council of administration at the G. A. R. Encampment at Frankfort last week. Judge, M. M. Barnett, James Harkleroad and Prof. Chelmon attended from here.

—The following marriage license were issued since April 8: C. G. Steele to Nannie Adams; L. W. Cox to Lucy Hale; Albert Probst to Mary Geiser; James W. Brock to Eliza Stansberry; Fred Bingle to Emma Phommor; Wm. Anders to Lillian Jones; J. W. Melburn to Susan Stenifer; Thomas Rush to Nancy Taylor; Frank Anderson to Melinda J. Polly; George L. Jones to Mrs. Roxey A. Chapman. Mr. and Mrs. Jones passed through London Sunday accompanied by a dozen or more couples. Mrs. Chapman is a daughter of Mr. Joe Leak.

—A large party of ladies and gentlemen left Sunday for Cumberland River before the fall on a fishing excursion of several days. The gentlemen were J. B. Eberlin, J. H. Jackson, Joe McKee, George Reid, W. H. Carrier, Dr. Seales and family. Mrs. Lou Eberlin and Miss Mollie Jackson were also of the party. Another party went to Sublimity and they were Mr. and Mrs. Dave Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Mollie Pitman and Mrs. Maggie Jackson. They will remain a week. George Pitman and others, of Pittsburg, left Saturday for the same place. The writer with E. H. Hackney, C. N. Seville and W. A. Parsley spent two days at Dillon Switch and had a most enjoyable time catching plenty of small fish and one nice eel. Capt. Dillon is a clever man as lives in the State and the party will always feel thankful for his kindness.

—There were more democrats at our convention Saturday than at any in my remembrance and everything passed off to the entire satisfaction of all. The court-house was crowded with the democrats from out of town decidedly in the majority. Heretofore usually the conventions were only a matter of form, a committee being appointed to bring in resolutions which were already prepared and readily endorsed, but this time it was entirely different. The nominees were in doubt except for governor which was generally conceded for Hardin. Norman's friends, or rather Warren's enemies, who were composed mostly of the democrats who generally have their way, were greatly disappointed and their defeat was hardly expected by them. The instruction for Smith was a surprise for me and that was due solely to the exceedingly fine and quiet work of Mr. E. H. Hackney. Thompson should have had second instructions as his supporters were second in number, but the convention voted otherwise. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we renew our allegiance and undying faith in the principles of the democratic party, as enumerated in its national platform and that the democratic party is to be congratulated in securing the next national Congress of the United States and that we denounce the weak and unstable administration of President Harrison as the representative of the republican party.

2. That, knowing the Hon. P. W. Hardin to be a man of the highest and best principles given to man by Almighty God, and knowing his fidelity to the democratic party and his work especially done for the democracy of Laurel county in the past, we instruct our delegates to cast the vote of Laurel county for him for governor of this State and to use all honorable means to secure his nomination. Our delegates are also instructed as follows: Second choice for governor, John Young Brown; lieutenant-governor, M. C. Alford; attorney general, first, Joe L. Ellison, second Jno. S. Rhea; auditor, R. C. Warren first, L. C. Norman second, treasurer, H. S. Hale; superintendent of public instruction, L. F. Smith first, John O. Hodges 2d, L. Porter Thompson 3d; register of land office, Thos. H. Corbett; clerk of court of appeals, A. Addams.

The delegates were then selected one at a time as follows: R. M. Jackson, George T. Farris, John Pearl, J. W. Bastin, R. B. Craft, Laurel having only five votes. Alternates for the above were selected by the convention separately as follows: Dave Jackson, A. L. Reid, R. R. Bowling, B. F. Riley and W. S.

Young, Uncle John Pitman, of Pittsburg, was made chairman. He is the oldest democrat in Laurel county and presided over the convention with dignity and impartiality and to the entire satisfaction of all present. The delegates were not selected mostly from London because of their prominence, but from the reason that all will attend the convention and will see that the wishes of the Laurel democracy will be carried out to the letter. C. R. Brock, George T. Farris, E. R. Bowling and Dave Jackson were the orators and did credit to themselves and their friends.

The Rockcastle Convention.

Pursuant to a call the democrats of Rockcastle met at the Court House in Mt. Vernon, at 2 o'clock p. m., May 21. The meeting was called to order by County Chairman C. C. Williams. Dr. J. J. Brown was chosen chairman and James Maret secretary. A committee on resolutions, consisting of Messrs. J. W. Brown, T. J. Ballard, D. N. Williams, C. W. Jones, Capt. P. J. Hatt and W. H. Cocks reported the following:

1. That we recognize in the Hon. P. W. Hardin all the necessary qualifications to eminently fit him for the exalted position of the State executive, and further recognizing the great work through his untiring efforts that he has performed for our party we most heartily instruct our delegates to the Louisville convention to cast the vote of this county for him for the nomination of governor so long as his name remains before the convention and to use all honorable means in their power to secure his nomination.

2. That the Honorable Richard C. Warren, of Lincoln, we have the most abiding faith that he is capable, honorable, energetic and thoroughly equipped to acceptably and wisely discharge the duties of the office of State Auditor. Our delegates are instructed to vote for his nomination for that office as long as his name remains before the convention and to use all honorable means in their power to secure his nomination.

3. That upon all questions and nominations before the convention the delegates are not herein instructed on the vote of the county shall be cast as a unit, a majority of the delegates present in person directing how the vote is to be cast.

4. That G. W. McClure, J. H. Vanhook, W. B. Adams, Dr. J. J. Brown, Mitchell Norton, F. L. Thompson, W. J. Sparks, D. C. Poynter, M. C. Williams, E. B. Smith, Jack Adams, Jr., W. M. Howard and T. J. Ballard are selected delegates to represent and cast the vote of this county in said convention.

5. That the vote of the county be cast for the Hon. Ed Porter Thompson for the nomination for the office of superintendent of public instruction.

6. That the vote of this county be cast for the nomination of Mr. J. B. Swango for register of the land office.

7. That the Mt. Vernon Signal and the Interior Journal be requested to publish the proceedings of this convention. J. J. Brown, Sec'y. Ch'm'n.

WILLOW GROVE.—When Mrs. Richard Cobb, Jr., killed three or four geese in succession and found in the craw of each a silver dime, she almost arrived at the conclusion that she could raise a goose that would lay a golden egg. I also heard Mrs. Cobb state that her washerwoman, who is not yet 45 years old, is the proud possessor of 18 children. How's that for sticking to the Biblical injunction to multiply and replenish the earth?—Miss Maggie Gustineau is visiting relatives near Hintonville. The family of Mr. Thomas M. Lillard say that he is gradually sinking. Mr. F. D. Myers and family will move to the old homestead in a few days.

He had obtained a place in a real estate office, and was doing everything he could for the interest of his employers. The other evening he was at a social gathering and was asked to sing. He responded with "Home, Sweet Home." His friends were a little surprised at the selection, but he was heartily applauded. Stepping forward he said:

"I am glad you liked the song. There is nothing like 'Home, Sweet Home,' and let me say that the company I represent is selling them on terms to suit yourself within 12 minutes' ride of the city. If you don't want to live there it's the chance of your life for an investment."—Atlanta Journal.

"I should have brought my umbrella," remarked Mrs. Livewayte, a member of the Chicago Literary society.

"Bring?" asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle, corrective tone.

"How stupid of me! Of course I meant 'bring.'"

A party of United States engineers are surveying the Tennessee river from Chattanooga to the mouth of the French Broad, a little above Knoxville, a distance of 200 miles, with a view to reporting upon the cost of opening it to navigation.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Home planning is the order of the day and the good ladies are all hard at work.

—At this writing, 10 a. m., Monday, Judge W. H. Owsley is very sick of pneumonia, and little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

—The annual sermon to the colored old fellows was preached at the Methodist church Sunday afternoon. A large number of the order attended.

—The protracted meeting begins at the Christian church to-night (Monday.) An invitation has been extended to all denominations to attend and take part in the good work.

—Our local sportsmen say that fishing in the river is very poor this spring. They say that a large number of dead fish can be seen floating in the water, evidently killed by dynamite.

—The many friends of Jacob Joseph, who recently moved his stock of goods to Bowling Green, will be sorry to learn that he has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. A special to Sunday's Courier-Journal gives his liabilities at \$5,500 and assets at \$4,000. Diligence in business is given as the cause.

—W. W. Bettis, station agent at this place, was in Richmond on business Saturday. Boyle Nichols and wife, of Danville, spent Sunday with Mr. W. B. Nichols. Mrs. H. A. B. Marksbury and Mrs. A. H. Rice were in Danville Saturday. Hugh L. Mason and wife, of Chicago, are visiting W. B. Mason. W. R. Marrs is in town. Ira Taylor, of Cincinnati, is here.

—The democracy of Garrard held their convention at the court-house in Lancaster on Saturday, 2d inst. The meeting was largely attended and was called to order by B. F. Slavin, chairman of the county committee. J. B. Brewer was elected permanent chairman and J. R. Marrs secretary. After a protracted session, lasting from 2 to 5 p. m., the convention passed resolutions instructing for Clay as first choice for governor and Brown second; for Gilbert for attorney general; for Warren for auditor; Grant for register of land office; Alford for superintendent of public instruction. The following delegates were appointed: L. W. Hudson, R. A. McGrath, Ben Bright, Tom Dunn, L. Y. Leavell, W. E. Walker, E. H. Walker, John Parks, J. W. Miller, Steve Hill, T. B. Robinson, Tom Wherritt.

It will probably never be known just how many people in the Conemaugh valley perished in the flood. On June 16, 1889, Col. John I. Rogers prepared a report, which showed that up to that date 1,440 bodies had been recovered, and he estimated the loss of life at 3,000. Subsequently, a new directory of the Conemaugh Valley was compiled, and having been compared with one taken in April, it indicated a loss of 3,500 lives. The loss of life was due not only to the flood, which swept down so suddenly as to cut off means of escape, but fire broke out in the mountains of debris piled up against the stone bridge, which crosses the Conemaugh at Johnstown. In this burning wreck hundreds of living people were entombed, and many perished within sight and hearing of relatives and friends. The day express going East on the Pennsylvania railroad was caught in the rushing waters and added its quota to the army of the dead. The greater number of the passengers escaped to the hillsides, but a few delayed to secure valuables from the car and were swept away from the platform, or carried to death in the cars, which went down in the rush of waters and were buried in the mud.

A young man with a mathematical turn of mind, hands in the following to the American trotter: "At the time Axtell was sold for \$105,000 he weighed 1,350 pounds; now you can see at a glance that it is exactly \$100 a pound. Pure silver is worth \$16 a pound and if the syndicate who purchased him had paid Mr. Williams in bullion, it would require 6,562 pounds, or six times the weight of Axtell a 12621 pounds over. Again, if the silver had been made into one block it would be a cubic mass one foot wide and ten feet long."

The gripe is demoralizing, as well as a distressing and sometimes fatal malady if we may believe all is charged upon it. It has, according to the newspaper reports, driven a number of its victims to suicide, several to the commission of murder, and caused the blindness, deafness or insanity of others. The little microbe or germ that causes it must be a most terrible imp.

If Mr. Wauanaker had to travel at the speed his boasted postal service often carries our letters, he would reach Washington again about the time Harrison is bounced from the presidential chair.

Gilholly: "Are the people who live next door to you rich?" Gus de Smith: "I should say so. You ought to see the silverware they carry to the pawnbroker."—Texas Sittings.

DEATHS' DOINGS.

—OWSLEY.—Our people were shocked yesterday by the receipt of the sad intelligence of the death of Judge Mike H. Owsley, for many of us had not heard of his illness. He was taken, we learn, with pneumonia at Somerset last week, returning home to Lancaster, Thursday, driving over from Danville in the dampness of the night, thereby aggravating the disease. Judge Owsley was born at Burkesville, Ky., Dec. 10, 1831, and graduated at Centre College in 1851. Two years after he graduated in the law department of the Louisville University and began at once a successful practice at his old home. He entered the Union service in 1861 as captain in company J, 1st Kentucky cavalry, but after a few months was transferred to the 5th and promoted to major. He participated in numerous important engagements, but resigned in 1862 to take the office of Commonwealth's attorney in this district, he having moved to Lancaster and been elected by the democrats. He was again elected in 1868 and in 1874 his admiring constituency promoted him to circuit judge and kept him in that office for 12 years, making 24 years of continuous service, either as judge or attorney. In 1864 he was married to Miss Ellen Letcher, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and to them were born four children, Will, Letcher, Miss Ellen Granger and Casey. They with their mother survive, and in their loss the people of the whole State will join in sorrow, for he was widely known, having made a most creditable race for the democratic nomination for governor eight years ago.

Judge Owsley was a natural lawyer, an honest and capable judge and a man of unbounded popularity. He drew men to him without any apparent effort and held them with hooks of steel. He had not an enemy except himself. His labors, over, may he rest in peace.

—A brief telegram to Mr. A. C. Sine from Birmingham, Ala., received Sunday, told of the death of Mr. John Dudderar at that place. No particulars were given, but it is supposed he died of heart disease, with which he had long suffered. Mr. Dudderar married Mrs. Kate Sniley about 15 years ago and they have three living children. The corpse was to arrive by local freight last night.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Brown have been called upon to mourn their first born, Little Hazel, only a few months old, has gone to join the angels and sympathetic hearts here grieve with the parents over the loss, which is their little one's eternal gain. The bereaved couple reside in Chicago.

—Mrs. Catherine McGoodwin, widow of the late J. K. McGoodwin, died at her home in Danville, aged about 74 years. She leaves seven children.

—Gen. Armistead L. Long, who was Gen. Lee's Chief of Staff at the time of the surrender, died at Charlottesville, Va.

—Dr. J. B. Burke, one of Boyle county's oldest citizens, died last week, we learn from the Advocate.

—Winter Brewer, one of Mercer's best known citizens and her largest stock trader, is dead.

—Joshua Dunn, Sr., of Garrard, is dead at the ripe old age of 93.

One iniquitous provision of the new tariff act prohibits the licensed manufacturers of the darker grades of sugar from establishing or operating a refinery in connection therewith. The design of this provision is manifestly to assist the refiners' trust in maintaining a monopoly. Mr. E. Cunningham, of San Antonio, Texas, who is a large manufacturer of unrefined sugar, has applied for permission to establish a refinery, with a view to make a test case of this provision.

A Washington dispatch gives the following as the only means of detecting the counterfeit \$2 silver certificate now in circulation: The "1" in register is not dotted and the "1" in states is not crossed. The geometrical lathe work is excellently executed and the general appearance of the note is likely to deceive even the most expert.

Nearly all the right of way for the new electric road that Rochester capitalists intend to construct to Niagara Falls has been obtained. This line, if built, will be one of the longest electric roads yet constructed, being over 80 miles in length. The power for the road will be generated at Niagara Falls.

—Jim Crabtree and Jim Jackson met seven miles from Middlesboro Thursday night and without saying a word began drinking at each other. After smoke of battle cleared Crabtree was found dead in his tracks and Jackson with a bullet hole through his abdomen. In less than an hour he too was dead.

Quay is meditating a trip to Italy. With Reed and Quay both in that country Rudini would have some cause for demanding indemnity from the United States.

—There are 123 piano factories in the United States.

UNANIMOUSLY NOMINATED.

W. E. Varnon for County Judge and D. B. Edmiston for Representative.

At the appointed hour Saturday morning the chairman of the democratic county committee, I. B. Paxton, called the delegated convention to order and stated that its object was to nominate a democratic candidate for county judge and a representative in the legislature. On motion he was made permanent chairman and W. P. Walton selected as secretary. A call of delegates showed the following present: George D. Hopper, R. L. Porter, J. B. Paxton, W. G. Welch, E. C. Walton, by proxy, L. L. Dawson, Robert McAlister, T. D. Newland, J. N. Menefee, John Bailey, H. T. Bush, George Carter, J. M. Cook, J. G. Weatherford, James Drye, J. H. Carter, A. A. Crutchfield, J. M. Johnson, Otis Newland, G. A. Phasants, Curtis Gover, J. B. Gilkerson, W. A. Carson, J. B. Bailey, W. O. Hansford and others. Nominations being in order Judge Hansford named Wallace E. Varnon for county judge and he was unanimously chosen.



JUDGE WALLACE E. VARNON.

Judge Hansford also nominated D. B. Edmiston for representative and it was seconded by J. M. Cook. No other names were offered and Mr. Edmiston was chosen without a dissenting vote. Judge Hansford then arose and accepted the nomination for Mr. Edmiston, who, he explained, was unavoidably absent in Louisville on business connected with Crab Orchard Springs, of which he is the manager, and took occasion to speak some well merited words in his behalf.

Judge Varnon, upon being called for, returned his thanks in a nice little speech in which he asked the same support from the party that he had always given it.

No other business appearing, the meeting then, on motion, adjourned.

W. P. WALTON, J. B. PAXTON,
Secretary, Chairman.

Teacher: "What is a synonym?" Bright Boy: "It's a word you can use in place of another one when you don't know how to spell the other one."—Good News.

Every Month

many women suffer from Excessive or Scanty Menstruation; they don't know how to confide in to get proper advice. Don't confide in anybody but try

Bradfield's Female Regulator

a Specific for PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED AND IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. Book to "WOMAN" mailed free. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all Druggists.

FOR SALE OR RENT.

The Very Desirable Residence
And 3-acre lot on Danville street. The house is in good repair and contains 5 rooms. The yard is large and beautiful and altogether

The Place is one of the Most Delightful in Town.

Will sell or rent on easy terms. MISS MARY E. VARNON, Stanford, Ky.

TAR-OLD
THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR
PILES

SALT RHEUM, ECZEMA, WOUNDS, BURNS, SORES, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, &c.
PRICE 50 CENTS.

Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

TAR-OLD SOAP
ABSOLUTELY PURE,
FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH,
AND NURSERY PURPOSES.
TAR-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

For sale by A. R. Penny and M. L. Bourae, Stanford.

W. E. VARNON

Is a candidate to fill out unexpired term of county judge made vacant by the death of Judge T. W. Varnon, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

JAS. B. MARTIN,

Of Glasgow, is a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democracy.

RICHARD C. WARREN

Is a Candidate for Auditor of the State of Kentucky, subject to the will of the Democratic party.

FOR SALE!

Lot on Main Street in Stanford
Containing 1 1/2 to acres.

Terms easy. T. R. WALTON, Stanford, Ky.

For Sale!

Twenty Building Lots
In the corporate limits of Rowland.

H. J. DARST, Rowland.

DR. A. S. PRICE,

SURGEON DENTIST.
Office on Main street, over W. R. McRoberts' Drug Store, Stanford.

DR. W. B. PENNY,

Dentist.
Office South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

DR. L. B. COOK,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
STANFORD, KY.

Office over McRoberts' Drug Store. Residence, James B. Owens' property at the junction of Hustonville and Danville pikes. 100-6m

R. C. MORGAN, D. D. S.

DENTIST.
Office on Main street, opposite Postman House, up stairs. Nitrous Oxide Gas given for painless extracting. STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

I. M. BRUCE,

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE,
STANFORD, KY.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO COMMERCIAL travelers. Horses and mules bought and sold. Only first-class horses and vehicles used in livery.

Farm For Sale.

I desire to sell my farm of about 130 acres, situated about 1/4 miles north of Stanford on the Rush Branch pike, opposite the old church. There are about 50 acres in wheat and rye; the balance of the farm well set in timothy; Good dwelling of four rooms and kitchen and a splendid new barn; is well watered and fenced. Possession can be given immediately. For particulars, see J. P. Bailey, Stanford, or write the undersigned at Cincinnati, Ohio. E. WITHERS.

THE SHELTON HOUSE,

J. H. GREER, Proprietor.
Rowland, - - Kentucky.

First-class accommodations at reasonable rates. Open day and night. Sample room and good livery in connection. 94-6m

WELL BORING

I am well prepared to bore wells and will do the work in a good manner and promptly

At One Dollar a Foot.
Call on or address me at Stanford, Kentucky. L. T. SMITH.

CASH

Paid For Hides and Fur,

.....AT.....

M. F. ELKIN & CO.'S,

Stanford, Ky.

MYERS HOUSE,

P. W. GREEN, Proprietor.

I have recently taken charge of this well-known hotel and intend keeping it at its present high standard. Special attention given to the traveling public.

First-Class Sample Room

In connection. Also

Pool and Billiard Parlors.

JOHN B. CASTLEMAN. A. G. LANGHAM.

ROYAL

Insurance Company,

OF LIVERPOOL.

BARBEE & CASTLEMAN

MANAGERS,
Commerce Building, Louisville.

Agents throughout the South.

W. A. TRIBBLE, Local Agent,
STANFORD, KY.

WHEN GREEK MET MEDE.

THE MARVELOUS DEEDS OF ONE DAY AT MARATHON.

The Men of Athens Led on by Miltiades Quickly Put a Persian Host to Rout and Founded the Glory of Greece—Marathon Saved European Civilization.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association. All rights reserved.]

MARATHON is placed at the head of the great decisive battles of the world because it settled the question whether European civilization should be dominated by the Persians, who were the most powerful nation of the world at that time, or by the Greeks, who were the most powerful nation of the world at that time. The battle of Marathon was the first battle in which the Persians were defeated by the Greeks. It was the first battle in which the Persians were defeated by the Greeks. It was the first battle in which the Persians were defeated by the Greeks.

As on the dawn to distant glory dear,
When Marathon became a name;
Which uttered, to the hero's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's
career.

From Marathon, also, dated a new departure in the conduct of warfare, since of course a field so surprising in its results had its genius and its hero for the emulation of men who should come afterward. This was Miltiades, a citizen of Athens, who had been in the service of Darius the Mede, and had sharpened his wits as a soldier of fortune in some of the conquered colonies where he was a squire of the Persian king. The Athenians forgave him grave sins and elected him one of the ten generals of their army, when he returned to them with a price upon his head for an act of daring treachery in Persia.

When the Athenian generals saw Darius' host before them and beheld their own weak number a division of opinion showed itself at once. The Persian troops up to this date had proved invincible in every contest waged against the Greeks, and the very name of Mede sent terror to the souls of the bravest of the Greeks. The Athenians, however, had immense advantages in spite of their weak battalions, and five generals out of ten voted for an immediate battle. The Persians had landed on a low plain but slightly elevated from the beach, and the Greeks were upon a height that encircled the plain nearly from shore to shore. At the extremity of the height were marshes which at the season—summer—were impassable for troops. Five of the generals assumed that, since the Persians had come to fight, they should be allowed to take the initiative and butt their heads against the Athenian spears that would await them at every turn. Besides, since the Persians were coming up to aid their fellows, it would be best to postpone action until their arrival at last.

On the other hand, five colleagues voted for immediate attack on the Persian camp. Miltiades headed this party and founded his opinion on his knowledge of the Persian troops, whom he deemed inferior to Greeks when the latter were well handled, and his belief in the uncertainty of human affairs, no matter how rose colored they might appear. Athens was twenty-two miles distant from Marathon, and there, safely hiding while better men were on the way, were factions of scheming men ready to betray the state into the hands of Darius for their own ends. An expelled tyrant of Athens, Hippias, was in the Persian camp instigating the warfare on his people in

the hope of being reinstated, as a satrap of the conqueror. Of course he had tools at work in Athens, and hence Miltiades believed that what might be gained by delay in the field would be lost in giving time for plotters to get up a fire in the rear.

The ten generals were evenly divided, and in such emergencies the war ruler had the deciding vote. That office was filled by an Athenian noble, Callimachus, who was listening gravely to the discussion of the generals. Miltiades appealed to him with some what blunt, but forcible eloquence, to vote for an offensive policy. "It now rests with you, Callimachus," he said, "either to enslave Athens, or by snatching her freedom, to win for yourself immortality of fame, such as not even Harmodius and Aristogiton have acquired; for never since the Athenians were a people were they in such danger as they are at this moment. If they bow the knee to these Medes they are to be given up to Hippias, and you know what they then will have to suffer. But if Athens comes victorious out of this contest she has it in her to become the first city of Greece. Your vote is to decide whether we are to join battle or not. If we do not bring on a battle presently some factional intrigue will betray the Athenians and the city will be betrayed to the Medes. But if we fight before there is anything rotten in the state of Athens, I believe that, provided the gods will give fair play and no favor, we are able to get the best of it in an engagement."

Callimachus was won, and the other gen-

erals elected Miltiades chief for the campaign and acted under his orders. The Persians meanwhile were doing nothing except to urge on Hippias in his schemes of fomenting treachery behind the backs of the Greek soldiery. Miltiades counted upon the superiority in organization and armor of his soldiery and upon their patriotic enthusiasm. The situation demanded bold tactics. The custom of his time was to advance the whole line of battle slowly and steadily in uniform phalanx. But the field of Marathon was so broad as to call for an extended line, and Miltiades concentrated heavily on the wings and weakened the center. The formation of the ground favored his movements, and preparation, unobserved by the enemy, until all was ready. Then the trumpet sounded, and by means of shouts and clashing of shields and spears, the Persians rushed down the slope upon the unsuspecting Asiatics. The rapidity of movement was also an innovation, but the objections usually urged, that soldiers who go in on the run exhaust their wind before they get into action, would not apply to Athenians, who were trained runners from youth. Pompey in his time held to this objection, but Caesar believed that running excited the soldiers' courage and gave force to their blows.

The Persian army was composed of many mounted horses, nevertheless it had a substantial force of disciplined men under able leaders. The rush of the Athenians took all by surprise, and the irregulars, who acted as mounted men, did not have time to get in line. The Greeks were heavily equipped, bearing spears, helmets, breastplates, shields, greaves and short swords. The Persians had no armor and only wicker shields, with short lances and darters for weapons. The shock of the first attack broke down the front line of Persians, but they rallied and set to work to retrieve, individually and by weight of numbers, what they had lost in the surprise. The best Persian troops were in the center, and they succeeded in not only repulsing the Greek center, but in driving it back across the plain up a valley that divided the mountain side. The Greek wings, however, had been successful, and had routed everything opposed to them. This was the turning point, and the faith of Miltiades in the organization of his soldiery was justified.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred victorious soldiers rush wildly in pursuit and go too far. Such a mistake at Marathon would have changed the history of the world. But the Greeks in both flanks

FRENCH MCKINLEYISM.

FRANCE IS REVISING HER TARIFF UPWARD.

Corrupted by McKinley's Example—High Tariff Agitation—French Industries Alarmed—Something for the American Farmer.

A year ago we were in the midst of the tariff excitement growing out of the McKinley bill. Committees of manufacturers were rushing back and forth in Washington, some pleading for duties to protect them from ruin, others pleading against proposed duties, likewise to avoid ruin.

France is now going through precisely the same experience, a commission having been appointed last year to revise the tariff. The French had caught the tariff gripe from us, and with them also to revise means to revise upward. This commission has been at work for months, and only recently it has brought in its reports. Discussion has begun in the chamber of deputies and will continue till next fall. The tariff is to be ready to go into operation next February.

The chairman of the tariff commission is M. Meline, who may be called the French McKinley. He honors the ideas of our McKinley and parades them before the chamber of deputies in the garb of patriotism, much after the manner of our lord high tariff maker. He appeals to the example set by the United States as a sufficient reason why France should revise her tariff upward.

When our exports to France, therefore, are cut down by the new French duties, our farmers must thank William McKinley, of Ohio, for having narrowed their foreign market. This M. Meline is thoroughly saturated with McKinley ideas. Here is a sentence from his report: "The best system for a country is that which secures for it the greatest amount of labor." Most people of ordinary common sense think that the best system is that which secures the greatest amount of commodities, and will even invent curious and cunning machinery to save labor. But McKinley and Meline think that it is labor that we need—more and more labor!

But McKinleyism is stirring up a storm of opposition in France. Last year, when we were about to pass the McKinley bill with very heavy duties on French products, the French made haste to put a duty of fifteen cents a bushel on our corn. The result of this, along with the rise in the price of corn, has been to close up a number of large distilleries in Bordeaux, Marseilles and other places, which were running mainly on corn imported from the United States. The great distillery at Marseilles has been closed up, and the stockholders decided to put it into liquidation. It used about 3,000 bushels of corn per day.

It is pointed out by a French journal that the distilleries of that country using corn had a capital of \$5,000,000, that they were in a most flourishing condition a year ago, but that after eight months of duties on foreign corn the distilleries are ruined. In view of these facts what a piece of grim humor for M. Meline to say in his report, "The producer does not ask for any privilege, he asks for only one thing, and that is justice!"

But the distillers are not the only people in France who have been stirred up by the tariff builders. In Calais, just across the Strait of Dover from England, the principal industry is the making of cotton laces and nettings, the annual production of which amounts to \$14,000,000. The industry gives employment to 27,000 persons. Now, these laces are made of a kind of thread produced only in Nottingham, England. The spinners of France do not produce the thread at all, but M. Meline wants to make them spin that grade in order to make "more labor." Accordingly he puts a duty of from thirty-seven to forty-six cents a pound on it.

But this is not all; the lace industry must bear a still greater burden. Its lace looms are not made in France at all, but M. Meline wants to create "more labor" for the French people. He does not want the French lace makers to use English looms, and so he performs a great feat of McKinleyism and raises the duty on lace looms, now \$160 each, to \$480.

Of course the lace makers protest vigorously against these burdens upon their industry. They point out that the existing duties on cotton thread have crippled the industry, 2,000 of the weavers having emigrated to foreign countries to carry with them the secrets of their trade.

Besides these cases the silk industries of Lyons, Saint Etienne and other places have protested against the proposed duty on raw silk, and the commission abandoned the proposal. But when the commission wanted to vote a duty upon silk goods, and when the great silk manufacturers of Lyons objected, the commission went ahead and voted the duty—thus protecting the manufacturers in spite of themselves.

A meeting of the paper, book and printing trade of Paris, too, was held to protest against the duties which would prove burdensome to their industry. The manufacturers of linen underwear, with an annual production of \$40,000,000, protested against the enormous duties on their material, which would thus be made to cost from five to seven times more than in Germany and Austria.

Thus goes the tariff war in France. It is but a repetition of what has been seen over and over again in our own country. So called statesmen, fancying that they know better than the people themselves what is best for them to do, step in with their nostrum of protection in order to give the people more work to do to meet their wants. It is the same old story everywhere. The liberty of the individual to buy and sell where he chooses is ruthlessly infringed, the many are taxed for the few, the powerful, the rich, get the lion's share, and the many weak are forced. Such is protection.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

SPIRITUAL FASTING.

IF SO BE YE HAVE TASTED THAT THE LORD IS GRACIOUS.

There is no Logic That Will Replace a Christian Experience—Each Must Have His Own, Each Must Realize It for Himself—The Desires of the Heart.

The term taste, used as a noun or a verb, is in the Bible employed to describe religious experience, and for this purpose it is a very expressive and significant term. If a man has an orange in his hand he cannot tell whether it is sweet or sour by simply looking at it or by handling it. He must actually taste of it, and then the resulting sensation will settle the question of quality. Precisely so it is with religious experience. Such experience is only truly gained by spiritually tasting of religion. Then the experience will come, not as a theory, not as something merely conceived of, but as a heartfelt fact.

The Psalmist, for example, says, "How sweet are thy words to my taste! Yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth" (Psalm cxix, 103). This language represents the spiritual delight and joy, the comfort and hope, of which piety is conscious when in thoughtful contact with the word of God as contained in the Holy Scriptures. Such piety actually tastes the word of God, and knows its qualities and relations to feeling by tasting, as no one can possibly know them without the tasting process.

The difference on this subject between the sneering and scoffing infidel who really knows nothing about what he is sneering at, and the believing and devout student of the Bible, is heaven wide. The latter actually tastes of the power and blessing of that book, and feels the power and blessing in his own heart, and knows what they are by a happy and glorious experience, and is hence a judge of the Bible as the former is not and cannot be so long as he maintains the attitude of a scoffer.

So, also, the Psalmist says again, "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him" (Psalm xxxiv, 8). The Lord is always good and his tender mercies are over all his works, whether we taste or not; yet his goodness becomes a realized fact in our experience and a source of comfort and joy to the heart only as we spiritually taste of it. The sinner who is overwhelmed with the burden of conscious sin, and fearful of coming and deserved wrath, when he comes to God by penitence and faith and asks to be forgiven, and through Christ is forgiven, and then has the sense of pardoned sin imparted to his soul and the hope of glory substituted for his fears and anxieties, tastes and sees and feels and knows that the Lord is good. He has a song on his lips responsive to the praises of his heart.

Forgiven sin is in his experience, and the light of God's countenance shines all through that experience. The feeling of his heart is that God is his friend, and that he will not fail to make good to him the gospel promise of salvation. The sweetest, purest and most select companionship of his earthly life is that which he finds in God himself. He has no occasion for atheism or any form of infidelity as the antidote of fear. He can believe in the whole doctrine of the Bible God, and yet be hopeful and happy. He has tasted that the Lord is good.

"If so be," said Peter, "ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious" (1 Peter ii, 3). The context shows that by the term Lord, as here used, the apostle meant Christ—that Christ to whom he referred when he said, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter i, 8). Here is a tasting of the gospel of Christ that only those who do the tasting can understand. The secret of the Lord in this respect is confined to those who believe in him and love him. Thoughtless, careless, Christless minds, filled to the brim with the follies, vanities, sensualities and sins of this world—yes, what do such minds know about the God-man of the gospel narrative, or about the grace of salvation as it comes from him? They have never "tasted that the Lord is gracious."

The dialect of Christian saintship is to them an unknown tongue. They have no experience that corresponds to tasting; and so long as they remain in such a mental attitude, they can have none. The melody of Christian piety is no melody to them. Some of them would find more music and more pleasure in the obscenities and profanities of a grog shop, or the brutality of a dog fight.

This matter of spiritual tasting is always personal. No one can do it for another, or transfer his own tasting to another. And no one can tell exactly what the tasting is until he does it for himself. Religious tastence is always an affair of experience; and those who so live as not to have it are of necessity very poor judges of it. They may sharply criticize Christians in their way, yet they really know very little about Christianity, and experimentally nothing about it—Independent.

One day a drop of water lay in a pool on the city street. It was stained and soiled. But looking up, it saw the blue sky, and the pure heavens, and the white sunbeams dancing everywhere, and began to long for purity and for a nobler, worthier life. It looked up into the sky, and its longing became an earnest prayer to be made clean and beautiful. And its prayer was heard. Presently the little soiled drop was lifted up out of the gutter into the air—higher and higher. Then the breeze caught it and it was wafted away, away, and by and by it rested in the bosom of a rose, a drop of pure, crystal dew. So God answers our prayers for holiness. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."—J. R. MILLER.

You must try to be good and amiable to everybody, and do not think that Christianity consists in a melancholy and morose life.—Lacordaire.

LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS COMPANY

CREAM FLOUR

IF YOU WANT GOOD BREAD AND A HAPPY COOK, USE CREAM FLOUR

MADE BY LEXINGTON ROLLER MILLS COMPANY, LEXINGTON, KY.

Tutt's Pills
CURE Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

WHAT
SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Wasting Diseases.

Wonderful Flesh Producer. Many have gained one pound per day by its use. Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

READ THIS TWICE!

The only Protection that will effectually protect all people, all classes, all labor and all interests is that styled SELF PROTECTION! acquired only from a truthful knowledge of ways and means, legal and illegal, just and unjust, by which the burdens of government, profits of labor and industry, are so unequally divided.

That knowledge is power, and ignorance its slave, is forcibly illustrated daily in all walks of life, among all people, in all countries.

Where knowledge is used as a power or a means for gaining wealth without labor or an equivalent therefor, it becomes necessary to deceive or keep in ignorance of such methods those from whom the wealth is taken; hence it is that of the ten thousand newspapers printed in the United States, less than ten are absolutely free and independent of the power or control of some class, party or monopoly whose interest it is to keep the great mass of people in ignorance of their methods.

The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer is one of the few, if not the only one, absolutely free from such influences. It is the most honest, thorough, able teacher and exponent of truthful knowledge, of reliable data, free from partisan bias, fair, frank and explicit to such degree that one cannot but feel edified and capable of forming correct conclusions therefrom. Such a paper should be in every household. Sample copies can be obtained by addressing the publishers, at Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS

On the Nashville Branch, No. 9, leaves Paris at 5:55 a.m. No. 11, at 5:37 p.m., arriving at Mayville at 10:10 a.m. No. 12, at 5:37 p.m., leaving Mayville at 5:30 a.m., arriving at Paris at 7:40 a.m. No. 13, leaves Mayville at 1:50 and arrives at Paris at 4:10 p.m. These trains are daily except Sunday.

No. 1, daily to all points except Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.

No. 2, runs daily from Lexington to Cincinnati.

No. 3, runs daily from all stations except the Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.

No. 4, daily between Cincinnati and Lexington.

No. 5, Paris and Lexington Accommodation daily. Leaves Lexington 10:00 a.m. Arrives Paris 10:45 a.m.

No. 6, Lexington Accommodation; leaves Cincinnati 5:10 p.m. Arrives Lexington 7:05 p.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 7, Leaves Falmouth 6:00 a.m. Arrives Cincinnati 7:55 a.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 8, and 9 make connections at Winchester for points on the N. & W. R. R., & D. R.

No. 10, carries through cars from Cincinnati to Middleborough and Cumberland Gap and all intermediate stations and runs daily.

W. L. MUNSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati.

S. F. MORSE, Gen'l Pass't Agt., Office Chamber of Commerce Building, Cincinnati.



IF YOU WANT GOOD BREAD AND A HAPPY COOK, USE CREAM FLOUR

Tutt's Pills
CURE Malaria, Dumb Chills, Fever and Ague, Wind Colic, Bilious Attacks.

WHAT
SCOTT'S EMULSION CURES CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Wasting Diseases.

Wonderful Flesh Producer. Many have gained one pound per day by its use. Scott's Emulsion is not a secret remedy. It contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased. It is used by Physicians all over the world.

PALATABLE AS MILK.
Sold by all Druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

READ THIS TWICE!

The only Protection that will effectually protect all people, all classes, all labor and all interests is that styled SELF PROTECTION! acquired only from a truthful knowledge of ways and means, legal and illegal, just and unjust, by which the burdens of government, profits of labor and industry, are so unequally divided.

Where knowledge is used as a power or a means for gaining wealth without labor or an equivalent therefor, it becomes necessary to deceive or keep in ignorance of such methods those from whom the wealth is taken; hence it is that of the ten thousand newspapers printed in the United States, less than ten are absolutely free and independent of the power or control of some class, party or monopoly whose interest it is to keep the great mass of people in ignorance of their methods.

The Cincinnati Weekly Enquirer is one of the few, if not the only one, absolutely free from such influences. It is the most honest, thorough, able teacher and exponent of truthful knowledge, of reliable data, free from partisan bias, fair, frank and explicit to such degree that one cannot but feel edified and capable of forming correct conclusions therefrom. Such a paper should be in every household. Sample copies can be obtained by addressing the publishers, at Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS

On the Nashville Branch, No. 9, leaves Paris at 5:55 a.m. No. 11, at 5:37 p.m., arriving at Mayville at 10:10 a.m. No. 12, at 5:37 p.m., leaving Mayville at 5:30 a.m., arriving at Paris at 7:40 a.m. No. 13, leaves Mayville at 1:50 and arrives at Paris at 4:10 p.m. These trains are daily except Sunday.

No. 1, daily to all points except Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.

No. 2, runs daily from Lexington to Cincinnati.

No. 3, runs daily from all stations except the Rowland Division, which is daily except Sunday.

No. 4, daily between Cincinnati and Lexington.

No. 5, Paris and Lexington Accommodation daily. Leaves Lexington 10:00 a.m. Arrives Paris 10:45 a.m.

No. 6, Lexington Accommodation; leaves Cincinnati 5:10 p.m. Arrives Lexington 7:05 p.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 7, Leaves Falmouth 6:00 a.m. Arrives Cincinnati 7:55 a.m. daily except Sunday.

No. 8, and 9 make connections at Winchester for points on the N. & W. R. R., & D. R.

No. 10, carries through cars from Cincinnati to Middleborough and Cumberland Gap and all intermediate stations and runs daily.

W. L. MUNSON, Trav. Pass. Agt., Cincinnati.

S. F. MORSE, Gen'l Pass't Agt., Office Chamber of Commerce Building, Cincinnati.

NORTH OR WEST.

THE.....

Is the line for you, as it is

Double Daily Trains

Make close connections at

LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

For all points THROUGH TICKETS SOLD. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH.

For any information enquire of J. A. CAMPBELL, Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Or W. W. FENN, Trav. Pass. Agent, Cincinnati, Ky.

Twenty miles the shortest to

MONON ROUTE
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO R. R.

CHICAGO, NORTH-WEST.

ALL POINTS WEST

NORTH-WEST.

Pullman Vestibuled Buffet Sleepers and Pullman Buffet Chair Cars on all trains through to Chicago without change. Go via the Monon and get the best for the least money. For information address JAS. HARKER, G. P. A., Chicago. W. G. CRUSH, D. P. A., Louisville.

OLD KY. ROUTE

Newport News & Mississippi Valley Co., "E. D." Solid Vestibuled Trains to

Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York.

All points East and Southeast. Only one night out from Lexington.

Corrected Time Card in Effect Jan. 4, 1891.

| EAST BOUND. | | Fast Express. | Fast Mail. | Accom. |
|----------------|------------|---------------|------------|------------|
| | | Ex. Sun. | Ex. Sun. | Ex. Sun. |
| Lex. Standford | 11:30 a.m. | 11:30 a.m. | 11:30 a.m. | 11:30 a.m. |
| Lex. Lexington | 6:10 p.m. | 6:10 p.m. | 6:10 p.m. | 6:10 p.m. |
| Winchester | 6:55 p.m. | 6:55 p.m. | 6:55 p.m. | 6:55 p.m. |
| K. U. Junction | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. |
| Mr. Sterling | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. | 7:30 p.m. |
| Morehead | 8:00 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. |
| Olive Hill | 9:00 p.m. | 9:00 p.m. | 9:00 p.m. | 9:00 p.m. |
| Ashtand | 9:30 p.m. | 9:30 p.m. | 9:30 p.m. | 9:30 p.m. |
| Caldwellburg | 9:45 p.m. | 9:45 p.m. | 9:45 p.m. | 9:45 p.m. |
| Huntington | 10:00 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. | 10:00 p.m. |

| WEST BOUND. | | Fast Express. | Fast Mail. | Accom. |
|-----------------|-----------|---------------|------------|-----------|
| | | Ex. Sun. | Ex. Sun. | Ex. Sun. |
| Lex. Huntington | 1:10 p.m. | 1:10 p.m. | 1:10 p.m. | 1:10 p.m. |
| Caldwellburg | 1:20 p.m. | 1:20 p.m. | 1:20 p.m. | 1:20 p.m. |
| Ashtand | 1:30 p.m. | 1:30 p.m. | 1:30 p.m. | 1:30 p.m. |
| Olive Hill | 2:30 p.m. | 2:30 p.m. | 2:30 p.m. | 2:30 p.m. |
| Mr. Sterling | 3:30 p.m. | 3:30 p.m. | 3:30 p.m. | 3:30 p.m. |
| Winchester | 4:30 p.m. | 4:30 p.m. | 4:30 p.m. | 4:30 p.m. |
| Lex. Lexington | 5:45 p.m. | 5:45 p.m. | 5:45 p.m. | 5:45 p.m. |
| Louisville | 9:15 p.m. | 9:15 p.m. | 9:15 p.m. | 9:15 p.m. |

Limited Vestibuled Express runs daily and has Pullman Vestibuled Buffet Sleepers except Sunday between Lexington and Huntington. Make direct connection at Huntington with C. & O.; at Ashland with S. V. R.; at Winchester with K. C. R. R. north and south bound, and at Lexington with L. & N. R. R. and C. & O. T. P. Railroads.

Lexington and Olive Hill Accommodation daily, except Sunday. Connects at Winchester to and from K. C. points and at Lexington with L. S. R. R. for Louisville.

For full information in regard to rates, routes, etc., apply to any agent of this or connecting lines or to

H. E. HUNTINGTON, C. L. BROWN, V. P. and G. M., Lexington, Ky. G. W. BARNEY, W. S. HARRISON, G. M., Lexington, Ky. T. P. A., Ashland, Ky.

Kentucky Central R.R.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE."

The Shortest and Quickest Route from Central Kentucky to all points North, East, West and South-West. Fast Line between Lexington and Cincinnati.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT FEB. 15, 1891.

| South-Bound. | | No. 2. | No. 4. | No. 6. |
|-----------------|------------|------------|------------|------------|
| | | Ex. Sun. | Daily. | Ex. Sun. |
| Lex. Cincinnati | 8:10 a.m. | 8:00 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. | 8:00 p.m. |
| Lex. Covington | 8:18 a.m. | 8:08 p.m. | 8:08 p.m. | 8:08 p.m. |
| Lex. Falmouth | 8:48 a.m. | 9:16 p.m. | 9:16 p.m. | 9:16 p.m. |
| Lex. Paris | 11:18 a.m. | 10:23 p.m. | 10:23 p.m. | 10:23 p.m. |
| Lex. Lexington | 12:10 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. |
| Lex. Paris | 11:27 a.m. | 10:57 p.m. | 10:57 p.m. | 10:57 p.m. |
| Lex. Winchester | 12:10 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. | 11:00 p.m. |
| Lex. Richmond | 1:35 p.m. | 12:15 p.m. | 12:15 p.m. | 12:15 p.m. |
| Lex. Lancaster | 4:45 p.m. | 3:45 p.m. | 3:45 p.m. | 3:45 p.m. |
| Lex. Stanford | 5:20 p.m. | 4:20 p.m. | 4:20 p.m. | 4:20 p.m. |
| Lex. Richmond | 1:35 p.m. | 12:15 p.m. | 12:15 p.m. | 12 |

X-U. S. TREASURER SPINNER seems to have been very proud of that wonderful nature of his. His will directs that a simile of it be cut on his tombstone. evidently wants to remain incog. in grave, for no will ever be able to tell at the hieroglyphics stand for.

ses. the

average politician.

0

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MEANS BUSINESS.

ENGRAVED beautifully and artistically done at A. R. Penny's.

HAVE your watch, clock and jewelry repaired at A. R. Penny's. All work warranted.

REMEMBER that all silverware, watches, rings, &c., bought at A. R. Penny's will be engraved free of charge.

PERSONAL POINTS.

J. V. CLIFFORD spent Sunday in Louisville.

Mrs. J. W. ALCOH and Sotie went to Somerset Friday.

MISS MAGGIE HOCKEN and Sue Belle Douglas are visiting at Parkville.

MR. J. S. OWSEY, JR., returned from Louisville Saturday night.

MR. AND MRS. HONACK BROWN returned to New Albany yesterday.

MISS LAURA ELLIS has returned from a visit to her mother in Louisville.

Mrs. THOMAS METCALF, of Lexington, is with Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Foster.

MR. CURTIS EMMERT, of Bacon & Sons, Louisville, is visiting friends here.

MISS LIZZIE HAYSON went to Louisville Sunday to spend several weeks.

MESSRS. ED JONES and E. C. Walton have returned from the Lexington races.

W. E. MCANALLY, of Knoxville, is visiting his sister, Miss Laura, at the College.

MISS VIRGINIA BOWMAN and Fannie Shanks have returned to Hamilton College.

MR. L. B. COOK, of Stanford, was here Monday and Tuesday—Somerset Reporter.

MR. T. A. BIRD, of Todd county, has been visiting his father and brother in this county.

Mrs. AMERICA BAILEY, after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Lou Shanks, went to Lexington yesterday.

The Misses Shanks will entertain Wednesday at 8 p. m., in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joel T. Embury.

MR. AND MRS. R. C. BRADLEY, of Harrodsburg, came up Sunday to see his sister, Mrs. John L. Elkin, who is improving.

MR. J. P. SANDLER has been chosen councilman at Middlesboro, and the News takes occasion to pay him a well-deserved compliment.

MR. S. H. HICKS, of Somerset, was here yesterday en route to Lexington with some promising trotters, which he will have trained.

MR. S. R. RASKY arrived Sunday from his home in Missouri to see his mother, Mrs. Mary Rasky, who has been very sick, but was better last night.

MISS FANNIE DESS spread an elegant supper Friday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Joel T. Embury and a few friends, which was duly discussed and greatly enjoyed.

JUDGE M. C. SALTER left this morning for Knoxville, where he and Mr. George E. Stone have formed a law partnership. The judge will not move his family, but he will with us often.

MISS MAGGIE INGLIS, of Paris, who visited at Hustonville during the last fair, writes to a friend at that place that she is in New York making preparations to star in a dramatic company.

THE HOMES of the INTERIOR JOURNAL staff, is still raising democrats. He bears up admirably under his increasing fortune. I congratulate the gentleman.—Mr. Alcorn in Louisville Advocate.

PROF. T. M. GOODENIGHT, who was a candidate four years ago for superintendent of public instruction, is for E. Porter Thompson this time and has been making quite an active canvass for him.

MR. T. F. SPINK, of Needles, Cal., remembers us with a copy of the San Francisco Examiner, which was prepared in honor of the president's visit. It consists of 24 pages and is profusely illustrated.

MISS I. F. SPEELE, of Hustonville, is studying pharmacy in her husband's drug store, preparatory to taking a course of lectures in Louisville next winter. Women make very accurate prescriptionists and the business is admirably adapted to them.

MISS KITTIE BAUGHMAN, who has been attending the Conservatory of Music at Cincinnati and who had gained 20 pounds in flesh during the session, was taken with the grip last week, after she thought herself proof against it, and had to come home. With a mother's hand to minister to her it is hoped she will soon recover.

CITY AND VICINITY.

JUST received a fresh car-load of salt. J. B. Foster.

NICK COTTAGE FOR RENT.—Apply to T. M. Goodnight.

DON'T fail to see our line of gents' underwear. Severance & Son.

JUST ARRIVED.—A fresh car-load of salt at B. K. & W. H. Wearen's.

BORN, to the wife of Mr. W. B. McRoberts, on Saturday, a daughter.

OUR readers will please excuse us. We were just forced by a press of matter to double up after 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

SEE our 46 inch black Henrietta, 75 ft. Severance & Son.

NOVELTIES in lamps just received at Farris & Hardin's.

SODA WATER, the best ever made, now ready at W. B. McRoberts'.

WANTED, 100,000 pounds wool. Highest cash market prices. A. T. Nunnally, Stanford.

A RESIDENCE with 9 rooms and garden attached, on Lower Main street, for rent. Mrs. N. A. Tyree.

I WANT 25 good carpenters at once to whom I will pay good wages. Address B. C. Bradley, Harrodsburg.

A SUNDAY of changes in the schedule of the C. S. went into effect Sunday, but we were unable to procure a time card.

BOYLE instructed for Hardin, Gilbert and Warren. The contest was between Clay and Hardin, Brown not being mentioned.

MR. F. M. WARE will act as my agent at McKinney and will pay the highest cash price for wool. See one of us before selling. A. T. Nunnally.

We have made the necessary arrangements to handle ice this season. Special prices to parties buying in quantities. Ice delivered at the door every morning. Call and get prices. M. E. Elkin & Co.

FIRE.—The house of John A. Singleton, near Kingsville, which contained his all, was burned last week. With a large family, he is left in a bad fix and in order to help him some Mr. J. M. Johnson took up a subscription here Saturday with fair success.

THE KENNES coal miners, numbering 300, are on a strike, because Col. Thomson refused to recognize the scale of prices adopted by a joint convention.

The colonel says he will not allow other operators to make a scale for his mines, when he was not present in convention.

We neglected to refer to the excellent serial story which began in our last issue, entitled "A Romance of the Two Brothers," by Edgar Fawcett. It will require a month or more to print it all and it will appear regularly in our Friday editions till some time in June. Don't fail to read it.

DR. HALL lectured for very small audience here Thursday night. He is brimming over with humor, as full of anecdotes as a clown and seems to have been especially designed for the end man of a minstrel troupe. With all this he worked in some good, solid thoughts and seemed to please his hearers very much.

As Tubie Luckey, Jr., was driving one of his fine young nines to his cart, she became frightened near Mrs. Helm's and running off, the vehicle was overturned and he was thrown to the ground, receiving several severe cuts on the face and head. The mare kicked out of the traces and dashing into town, ran into the barbed wire fence at Dr. Owsley's and was badly scared up.

AFTER a prosperous four months' term Mr. R. Lee Davis' select school at Green Hill closed Saturday with a distribution of prizes and a treat of fruits and confectionaries. Among those who received prizes were Misses Allie Fish, Henry Fish and Pearl Collier and Mr. Guy Fish and Master Thomas Collier. Mr. Davis is one of the best teachers in the county and is daily improving. He is a hard student, a voracious reader of the better class of literature and is well informed on all subjects. It is a pity he can not be kept closer at work, teaching the young idea how to shoot.

THE mass convention Saturday was a very large and enthusiastic body of democrats, who had come from all over the county to show their love for Dick Warren and the unanimity in which they endorsed his candidacy for auditor proved how near he is to the hearts of the people of Lincoln. Two sets of resolutions were presented, as will be seen by the official report in another column, both of which strongly supported Warren, so the fight was entirely over who should be delegates. The list presented by Mr. Alcorn was made up of men, without regard to any other race, who are known to be such ardent supporters of Mr. Warren that they will subordinate any and all of them to advance his interests in every honorable way. The same confidence, owing to the activity of a number of Clay men, to drum up a crowd for that gentleman was not felt in the list offered by Mr. Miller. A big majority, whether justly or not, thought there was a mouse concealed some where in the meat sack and that the sugar-coated pill covered a carefully disguised effort to stock the delegation for one man against the three other candidates for governor, which was against the interests of Mr. Warren. It didn't work, however, and the Alcorn list was adopted by a majority of 50 or more amid great enthusiasm. In the list of delegates chosen are men for all of the candidates for governor, but they are for Dick Warren first, last and all the time and will do their level best to secure his nomination. No personalities were indulged in during the meeting and everybody went away either happy or pretty well satisfied with the result.

THE Louisville store will pay the highest market prices for eggs.

THE rain Saturday night was light, but it laid the dust and helped vegetation some.

SEE A. T. Nunnally's binders before you buy as he is representing The Wm. Deering Co., the best made.

A LITTLE child of Mr. Ross Hiatt, at Rowland, has the scarlet fever. Mrs. Hiatt is a sister of Mrs. Mattie Nevins, of this place.

GEORGE PORTMAN caught a gar measuring 52 inches from tip to tip and weighing 16 pounds while fishing in Green River, near Liberty, last week.

A REPORT that Judge Hansford had died suddenly was current here yesterday, but it grew no doubt of a confounding of his name with Judge Owsley's. A dispatch from Crab Orchard soon dispelled the gloom that the report had occasioned.

THE unanimous nomination of Judge W. E. Varnon to fill the unexpired term of his father for county judge, is both proper and deserving. The judge has filled the office by election of the magistrates since January and given evidence that he is a worthy successor of his father.

JUDGE HANSFORD took the trouble to defend his townman on the slurs made by John Miller in his speech, which we publish by request, but it was a waste of breath. Nobody takes anything seriously that "Happy Jack" says, though we must admit he shows more bitterness than we thought him guilty of.

THE beauties of our mail system are exemplified in the fact that it took the cut of Judge Varnon from Friday till yesterday to come from Cincinnati and Mr. Edmonston's sent at the same time has not shown up yet. We intended that both should appear in this issue, but man proposes and the devil disposes.

THE Richmond Register says that the revenue of the city is \$18,000 a year, that she has \$5,000 in real estate and \$7,000 in her treasury. Richmond is one of the most progressive cities in the State and if those of our citizens who are now crying because they are likely to get no returns from their investments in Middlesboro, Pineville, Harrodsburg, etc., had put their money there instead, they would now have something more to show for it than lots at \$100 to \$400 a foot, which are not worth so much an acre.

THERE WAS an effort to break jail on Thursday night and if the plans laid by Jim Howard had worked he would probably never have had to suffer for the horrible crime he is charged with, that of killing his sister-in-law, Hattie Bingison, at Pineville. Howard has always been a troublesome prisoner and Jailer Owens has had to watch him on several occasions. Late Thursday night Mr. Owens' deputy, Owen Miller, had occasion to go into the jail and as he walked by Howard's cell, Howard sprang at him, but failed to get him in his clutches. The "bad man from Bell" then tried to break the lock to his cell, but failed and the deputy, believing that he had been trying to make his escape, had the cell thoroughly examined. It was found that the lock had been worked at and that the bar across the cell door was sawed nearly in two. A file and a key were also found in his possession, which of course he was relieved of, and a more secure cell will now be Mr. Howard's abiding place. He positively refused to tell where he got the key or file, but Mr. Owens is of the opinion that Mack Hocker, the negro who was put in for breach of the peace several weeks ago, is the guilty party. Henry Logan, a negro prisoner, was in the cell with him, but made no attempt to get out.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The ringing of the Court-House bell at 2 o'clock Saturday soon drew together a body of democrats, which in point of numbers and enthusiasm had not been exceeded here in many years. County Chairman J. B. Paxton rapped for order and explaining the object of the meeting briefly, called for nominations for permanent chairman. Mr. A. K. Denny nominated Judge W. D. Hansford and Mr. W. H. Miller named Mr. John M. Reid. Mr. Miller called for a division and tellers, which were accorded, and the result showed that Judge Hansford had been chosen. He took the chair and after thanking the meeting for the honor, added a few words of democratic faith and good cheer. Nominations for secretary being called for, W. P. Walton and J. W. Hayden were named. The latter refused to permit his name to be used and Mr. Walton was chosen by acclamation. J. W. Alcorn then arose and after eulogizing Hon. R. C. Warren and urging unity and harmony on all matters that might come before the convention, and a hearty support of the State ticket to be chosen at Louisville, read the following resolutions and moved their adoption:

RESOLVED, by the democracy of Lincoln county in mass meeting assembled,

1. That we approve and ratify the call for a State democratic convention, to be held at Louisville on the 13th day of May, 1891.

2. We appoint the following named gentlemen delegates to said convention to represent Lincoln county therein:

Stanford—A. K. Denny, T. P. Hill, W. P. Walton, W. E. Varnon, W. G. Welch, Crab Orchard—John R. Bailey and J. B. Gilkerson.

Walnut Flat—W. P. Grimes.

Turnersville—James M. Carter, Dr. Green Moore.

Hustonville—Dr. H. Brown, Jas. B. Cook.

Highland—C. J. Hensley.

Waynesburg—W. F. Cadden.

Kingsville—W. L. McCarty.

Hubble—R. R. Gentry.

And if any of the named delegates should fail to be able to attend, those present are authorized to fill such vacancies.

3. The democracy of Lincoln, with cordial unanimity and earnestness, commends as in every way worthy and qualified her candidate for Auditor of State, the Hon. R. C. Warren, and instructs her delegates to the said convention to cast her solid vote for him and to endeavor by all fair and legitimate means to secure his nomination for that office.

Mr. W. H. Miller immediately arose and proposed the following substitute:

RESOLVED, 1. Recognizing organization as essential to party success, we approve of the calling of the State convention to be held on the 13th day of May, 1891, to nominate democratic candidates for State offices to be filled at the August election, 1891, and we hereby pledge the loyal and unequalled support of the democracy of Lincoln county to the nominees which said convention may select.

2. We congratulate not only the democracy, but the whole people of the entire country, upon the great and glorious victory achieved by the democratic party at the November election, 1890.

3. We most earnestly recommend to the democracy of Kentucky our fellow countryman, Hon. R. C. Warren, as a suitable candidate for State auditor, and as a gentleman in every respect qualified to fill this most important office, hereby commending him not only as a loyal democrat, but one who has rendered faithful services to the party in every emergency, and a man of the highest integrity in all positions of trust and confidence, and we hereby present his name to the convention as our candidate for that office, and ask for him the nomination, and our delegates are instructed to vote for him and use all honorable means to secure his nomination.

4. A. C. Robinson, J. E. Lynn, J. M. Cook, Isaac Shelby, J. H. Carter, J. M. Carter, W. A. C. Carson, R. H. Brown, R. E. Gentry, W. C. Barnett, Hugh Sargent, W. G. Welch, T. P. Hill, J. W. Alcorn, W. H. Taylor and Bright Ferrill are hereby appointed delegates to said convention.

S. S. Myers moved that the substitute be tabled, but on it being suggested that a division and count on the two resolutions be taken at once would shorten and simplify matters, the motion to table was withdrawn and the house divided, when the count showed that the Alcorn resolutions had a majority, according to the Miller teller, of 50 and to the Alcorn teller of 18. The result was then ratified by the body and on motion the convention adjourned.

W. O. HANSFORD, Chm.

W. P. WALTON, Sec'y.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Turnpike Election.

The stockholders of the Turnersville, McKinney Station and Coffey's Mill Turnpike will meet at McKinney Station, Saturday, May 10th, at 10 o'clock, to elect a Board of Directors and President for the ensuing year.

J. A. GIVENS, President.

HIGGINS' HOMEOPATHIC SALVE.

Cuts, bruises, sprains, old sores, skin diseases, corns, bunions, piles, fistulas, scalds, halter burns, dandruff and lice. Wherever it has been used it has given wonderful satisfaction and its propensity for removing soreness is remarkable. Numerous testimonials will be secured and will appear in this space at a later date. Made and sold by J. B. HIGGINS, Stanford, Ky.

A. FLEXNER,

Dealer in Foreign & Domestic

WINES AND LIQUORS.

Senn & Ackerman's and Milwaukee bottled beer, 34 East Jefferson street, bet. Floyd and Preston, LOUISVILLE, KY. Steam bottled beer, warranted to keep six months. My goods will be found at the Hoffman House saloon and at Ferrill Bros', Rowland.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Lincoln Circuit Court.

Alex. Hicks, &c., Plffs.

W. P. Hawkins, &c., Defts.

Sale in Equity.

By virtue of a judgment rendered in the above styled case at the March term, 1891, of said court, I will on

Monday, May 11th, 1891,

At 11 a. m. or thereabout, being the first day of the May term, 1891, of the Lincoln county court, sell before the Court-house door in Stanford, Ky., at public auction to the highest bidder the following described property, to-wit:

A Tract of Land situated in Lincoln county, Ky., and bounded thus: Beginning at a buckeye corner to J. M. Carter, thence N. 11 1/2° W. 95 poles to links to a stone at a gate post corner to same, thence with the line of same N. 46° E. 72 poles to links to a stone near a branch, thence N. 65° E. 9 poles to links to a stone corner to Carter and Sandridge, thence with line of Sandridge N. 45° W. 4 poles to links, thence S. 82° W. 12 poles to links to a stone corner to Sandridge and Jennings' line, thence S. 14° W. 8 poles to links to a stone corner to Jennings, continuing with their line S. 63° W. 67 poles to links to a corner stone to Bradshaw, thence with his line S. 20 1/2° E. 80 poles to links to a stone, his corner, thence with his line S. 6° W. 104 poles to links to corner of same and B. D. King's, thence with King's line S. 21 1/2° E. 76 poles to links to a chestnut, his corner to Williams' line, thence with said line N. 60° E. 7 poles to links to a stone, Williams' corner, thence a direct line to the beginning.

Containing 100 Acres Land.

Terms.—Sale will be made on a credit of six months, purchaser being required to execute bond with approved security, bearing 6 per cent. interest from date until paid, having the force and effect of a judgment and with a lien on the land till all the purchase money is paid. Said sale will be made to satisfy a claim of \$1,000 with 6 per cent. interest thereon from Sept. 16, 1890, until paid and \$200 pre-judicial costs of this action. Said land will be sold subject to the mortgage of the Mutual Life Insurance Co. of \$1,000 with 6 per cent. interest thereon from Sept. 16, 1890, until paid.

W. M. DAVISON, M. C. L. C. C.

H. C. RUPLEY,

Merchant Tailor

Is Receiving His

Spring and Summer Goods

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give him a call.

Fancy & Family Groceries

We keep in stock a full line of all kinds of Staple Groceries, which we will take pleasure in showing and make

PRICES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST.

Glassware, Queensware, Table and Pocket Cutlery. A full line of Baskets kept in stock, all of which we are offering cheap to the public. Come and see us.

FARRIS & HARDIN.



J. B. FOSTER

Dealer In

Groceries and Hardware

Salt, Lime, Cement, Tiling, Farming Implements, &c.

Studebaker Wagons, Oliver Chilled Plows,

Dicks' Feed Cutter, Hocking Valley Corn Sheller.

FOR THE BIGGEST

BARGAINS

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY

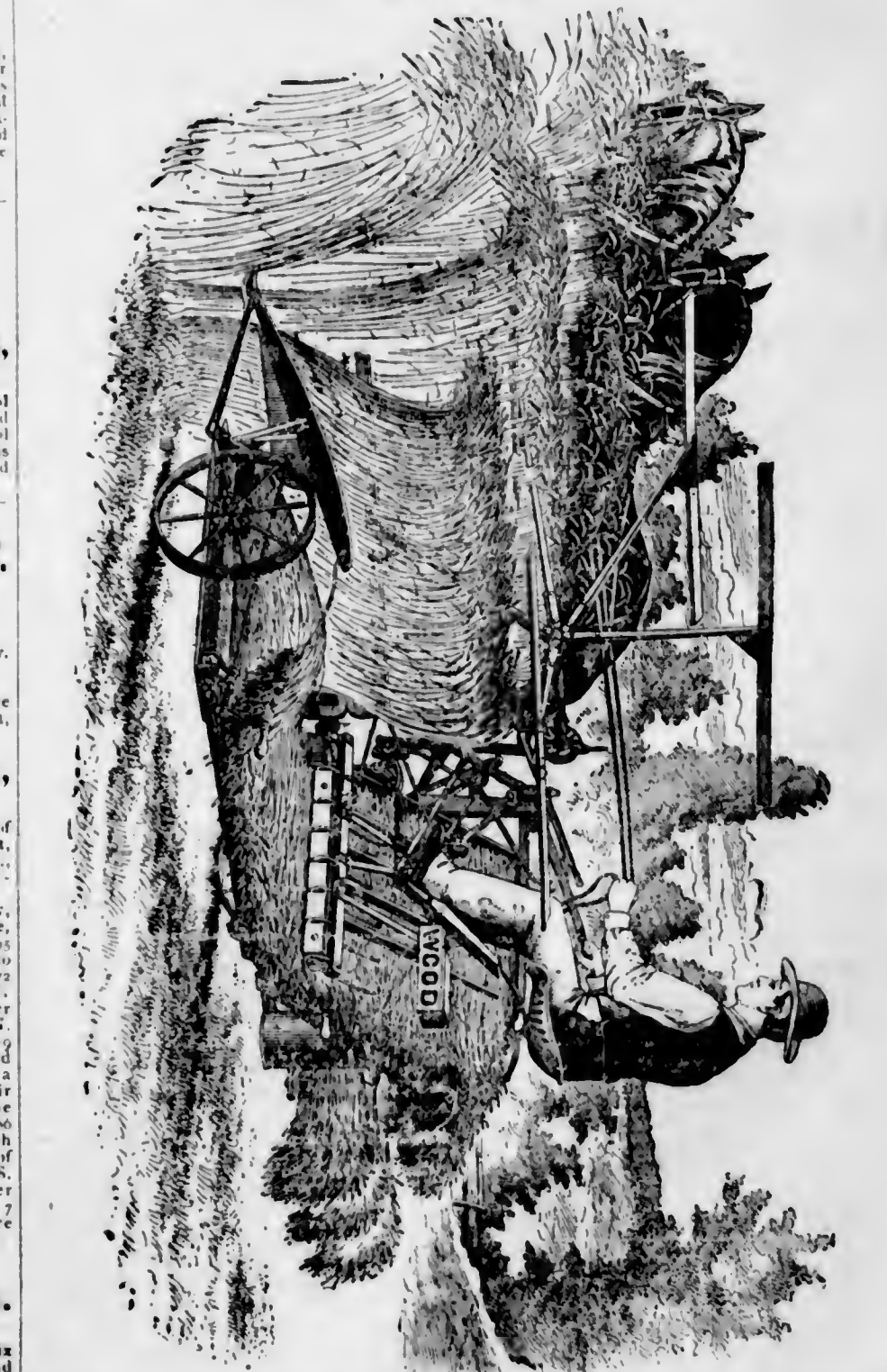
SILVERWARE

W. B. McROBERTS'

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO REPAIRING and all work guaranteed.

JOE SEVERANCE, Jr.,

Agent for



WALTER A. WOOD'S

Binders, Mowers, Hay Rakes, Twine, &c.

W. P. WALTON.

Novelties in Jewelry.

Matchboxes bearing the appearance of antique silver, even to the ragged indentations on all sides, are shown.

The prevailing taste is for brooches of delicate white enamel scrolls, interspersed with diamonds and pearls.

Of recent make is a lizard skin card case, ornamented in silver, with accretions close on the heels of a fleeing hare.

A brooch affording delight to many is made as an ear of corn composed entirely of pearls, with leaves of enamel and gold.

The rage for souvenir spoons knows no limit. A late comer is topped by a fleur-de-lis springing from a spiral handle.

An eight-pointed diamond star surrounded by a chain of chased and plain links is a brooch affected by New York's fashionable.

Two circles of diamonds interlocking and spanned by a bar containing three magnificent rubies compose a brooch with admirers aplenty.

Among some favored devices in brooches is a gold belt with turquoise buckles enclosing a bunch of lilies of the valley in enamel and gold.

A quaint addition to sugar sifters represents in silver a broad leaf hollowed in the form of a bowl, its handle being supplied by a twisted stem.

A Union Square jeweler has on exhibition a pair of diamond earrings weighing 8 carats each, and for which he asks the modest sum of \$3,500.

Numbered among fanciful hair-pin tops is a crescent composed of enamel daisies on a gold background, a diamond resting in the centre of each flower.

At a reception recently, one of the guests wore a brooch formed of four flies, composed of moonstones and pearls, clustered around a square block of crystals.

In the display of serpent rings just now before the public, one formed of three seals monsters, with the head of each beautified by a diamond, claims particular attention.—Jewelers' Review.

The report that a 250-pound catfish has been caught with a hook and line in Cumberland River indicates that the vernal fish-lar is neither dead nor sleeping, but in his usual health and spirits—more especially spirits—and doing business at the same old stand on the riverbanks. No liar, unless it peradventure be the old milk-cow Annumis, can compare or compete with her piscatorial prevaricator.—Georgetown Times

CONTINUED FROM LAST ISSUE.

A ROMANCE OF TWO BROTHERS

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

A THRILLING STORY

Full of Startling Incidents.

CHAPTER II.

She watched him for a few seconds as though it had suddenly become known to her that he had gone mad. Then, obeying a little gesture that he made, she followed him and went with him into the dusty, belittered room where he had squandered, as it seemed to her, so many half-idle hours. Maynard closed the window, for too strong a breeze blew into the chamber. As he did so he watched a sunset that was simply one luminous orange haze, against which rose clusters of those red chimney-pots which invest with charm the forlornest London purlieus. Then he suddenly turned, and saw that his wife had seated herself. This seemed a concession, and he at once paid heed to her by dropping into a seat opposite her. She did not look conciliatory; she did not even look indulgent. But he strove not to care how she either looked or felt, and flung one hand with intimate abandonment toward the chaos of scientific utensils that filled the room.

"You see all these, Georgina? Well, I've gathered more than you guess from my long association with them. I need not tell you how strong was my passion for science when I first came over sea to Cambridge. At Columbia College in New York I had convinced myself that I could excel as a chemist, a physicist, a man of eager search into the actual."

"Oh, you need not tell me this, Egbert. I know it well enough. Why should I not?"

"But you thought it all waste of time after you had—I mean, after we were married. . . . Well, pursuing these studies, I became specially fond of the wonderful and enticing ways of electricity. It happened, about four years ago, that I employed this great and arctic force during a series of essays in the line of chemical analysis. One day I drew back frightened from the result of a certain experiment."

"Frightened?" repeated Georgina. She was clearly interested.

Instantly Maynard felt himself thrilled by a very enthusiasm of narration. He again began to speak with great nimbleness of tongue, but with sorry disregard of his auditor. Presently Georgina stopped him, a ring of fatigue in her tones.

"I don't understand your technical terms, Egbert. They confuse me. But am I right in deducing from what you've already said that you found a certain new kind of electricity never even conceived of before?"

He nodded eagerly. "Yes—yes; that's just it. I'll be simpler; I should have been simpler when I first spoke. Of course you have seen toward what my preamble tended; you're too intelligent not to have seen. One single eternal



"YOU SEE ALL THESE, GEORGINA?"

principle of life spreads through the whole universe. That principle, that essence, no mortal has ever yet attained. To attain it, as I soon shall do, would in many cases have been defiance of death. For such an elixir—

"Elixir?" his wife broke in, with a faint, jeering laugh. "That has a very familiar sound, and not at all a credible one."

He bowed, with curt, swift acquiescence. "Oh, yes. No doubt I used the wrong word. It has a Cagliostro-like echo, I admit. But I don't mean that sort of thing at all, Georgina. I have accomplished, in a partial way, the liquefaction of electricity. It is a fluid, as we scientists have always more or less supposed. But none of us have thus far been able to find out anything concerning it except its effects. It always hitherto, has been, so to speak; we never presumed to say of it that it is anywhere. But I have imprisoned it in an actual liquid, through processes of molecular and atomic fusion with that one elemental body which I have

chanced to see that it loves, clings to, and is conquered by. But as yet my achieved results are not wholly triumphant. The liquid I have obtained is still too volatile. It evaporates with enormous rapidity; it needs a third force to slip in and prevent this continual disjunctive trend. Such a force I am on the threshold of finding. It will not be hard to find. I almost divine it at this moment. I have crossed the threshold of a superb conquest; I pause, as it were, in the antechamber. And I have paused intentionally. Do you know why? The excitement has been too intense. I wish to have my triumph shared with me. Will not you share it? Will not you rejoice with me in this magnificence of discovery, greater than man has ever yet approached, however he may in past years have dreamed, through trust in fable and superstition, that he might possibly reach it?"

Georgina had dropped her head a little and pressed her lips tightly together. Those words "fable" and "superstition" met her ears with an ominous note. She remembered (had she ever forgotten?) the abhorred skepticism of her husband.

"You mean, then," she slowly said, "that you may soon discover a power to prolong human life beyond its natural term?"

"Yes—I mean that," he replied, with vehemence, "and I mean more."

"More?"

"There is no reason—none whatever—why a human being with no organic disease or lesion, should not live forever, while fed and buoyed by this splendid stimulus. I—"

"Hush," she interrupted, rising. Her face was very pale, and her features twitched a little as she framed her next sentence. "I am sorry that you've told me anything of this. I didn't ask you to tell it. But now that you've done so, Egbert, I can only assure you how impious it strikes me—what a shameful revolt it appears against the sacred laws of God!"

She rose, after this, and promptly swept from the room. Maynard could have cursed himself for telling her. The breach between them seemed in a few short minutes abysmally to have widened. He might have known that her mind would have taken some such view of his grand project. Thenceforth every hint of his old love perishes. The last remnant of tenderness for this woman had given place to a dead lest she might seek to thwart and balk his designs. But soon he had controlled such dread and even scoffed at it. Still, he felt humiliated, insulted, slapped on the cheek. Were it not for the boys, he told himself, he would never willingly look again on the face of his wife.

He went out into the breezy starlit garden, where his sons' laughter had lately rang. They had gone into the house now, and were perhaps being undressed for bed by their mother, who had always strictly enforced upon them early hours. Ah, such a mother! Maynard shuddered there in the chill of the starling night, and as he shuddered a pain darted through his chest and he coughed. Then, in a little while, the handkerchief which he put to his lips grew stained, and somewhat copiously, with blood. A pang of fear now thrilled him. What if he should die before completing his transcendent work? He had had that cough for years, and been careless about it. Possibly the very agitation through which he had just passed had developed a future lung weakness of whose real existence he had been but vaguely aware.

The last step in his great accomplish-

ment had yet to be taken. He spent several hours of feverish work in his laboratory that night and went to bed feeling strangely feeble. The next day he visited a certain famous London physician, who told him things which he no sooner heard than he began to doubt them, after the fashion of countless consumptives. The mortal who suffers from any pulmonary ill seldom can see his own threatening doom. Still a young man, Maynard had been attacked with an arterial hemorrhage whose effects absolute rest might have appeased though never cured. But rest of any sort was precisely what he now refused to take. A double incentive hereafter swayed him. He desired to perfect his unparalleled drug, and he desired to use it upon his own impaired body. It could not endow him, he argued, with immortality from future disease, but it might prolong his life for many a decade by the intense nutriment it gave to other organs than those already harmed.

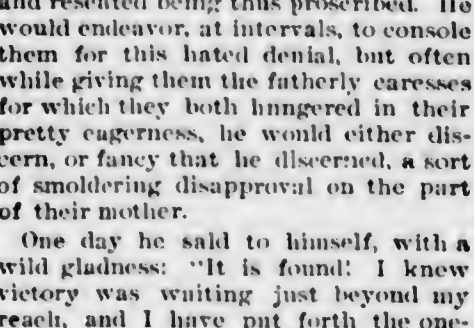
His wife watched his labors with cold disrelish. She perceived that his health was failing; he had never borne the look of a man free from all lurking malady, and now his glassy eyes and sunken cheeks told a sadder tale. Always previously willing that his boys should go and come as they chose during his studies and experiments, he got into the habit of exiling them from his presence while he brooded and toiled. The two little fellows loved him very dearly and resented being thus proscribed. He would endeavor, at intervals, to console them for this hated banishment, but often while giving them the fatherly caresses for which they both hungered in their pretty eagerness, he would either discern, or fancy that he discerned, a sort of smoldering disapproval on the part of their mother.

One day he said to himself, with a wild gladness: "It is found! I knew victory was waiting just beyond my reach, and I have put forth the one-needed effort and grasped it!"

That evening he poured into a large flask what he felt even more than firmly convinced was the energy, wondrously materialized and liquefied, which permeated, in its vital sovereignty, the entire universe. He was very unnerved and exhausted; he had worked for many hours without the least pause. It was nearly midnight, and he went to one of his windows, raising it recklessly, and letting a raw wind blow into the chamber from a clouded, opaque sky. On the sill of the window (which he forgot to close) was a wilted rose-bush in a common earthen pot. He drew the plant in from its cheerless ledge of shelter, and poured round its root some of the fluid which he had so lately distilled. Then he took a glass and made himself a potion from the same source. He seated himself beside the table on which he had placed the plant. He was about to lift the glass to his lips when something that a sinner and less passionately excited mind might have called a mere vision of its own over-wrought powers, burst upon him with delicious violence of confirmation. The drooping stems revived; the faded leaves grew hardy and green; at the ends of the slim stems buds broke, and then swelled until pink petals gleamed between their dividing segments. At once these petals unfolded, and rich roses were born. It was the magic of the fairy tale suddenly turned real; it was the giving to necromancy an every-day gear. . . .

But now what had suddenly happened? Maynard, with colorless face and straining eyes, leaned forward. The rose-bush was again its previous withered self. Just the same old dry, thorny stalk, and the same effete, blighted leafage! What did this re-transformation mean? Had he dreamed the fanciful and waked to the real? . . . In another moment he rose, staggering; his brain whirled, and it seemed as if the floor dropped away from him in gulfs of darkness. Groping for the bell-rope, he pulled it twice or thrice. Then he sank. . . . It was not with any sense of painful fall, however; it was more as if arms caught him and let him gently down in their embrace. But he passionately recollected and craved the fluid. Where had he left it? Ah, he was incapable of thinking where. And yet he so wanted it, he so wanted it! . . . But soon afterward—even sooner than his wife came hurrying into the room—he had ceased to know if he wanted it or not.

A great vein had burst. His life hung by a thread for days. All this while he was unconscious. Then came a time during which he saw distorted shapes about his bed, and among them the familiar, yet altered face of his wife. He strove to ask her for that cherished flask; did he fail to make his meaning



GERALD WOULD LAY HIS WARM CHEEK AGAINST THE THIN HAND.

himself a passport into Maynard's admiration. "I wish I could keep Ross up more than I do," he had often mused, "and not let him drop as I somehow must."

Still, since his marriage, Maynard had smoked a good many social pipes in the company of his friend, though latterly they had seen less and less of each other, as the big hum and bustle of London had seemed to slip separately between them. While he now heard Dr. Thorndyke speak, an expression of pain touched Maynard's featureless face. He had swiftly suspected his wife of duplicity; he could not refrain from the belief that she had served him a horrid and stealthy trick.

But his brain, at present thoroughly clear, saw the futility of attempting either accusation or remonstrance. The will-to-live was strong in him. If such peril menaced speech, he would strive to preserve silence. By a gesture and a meaning movement of the features he showed Dr. Thorndyke that he would impose no further search. Resolving to live on through the preservation of silence, he suffered for the next three days untold tortures. Mentally he was vitality itself; physically he was almost complete failure of fiber and nerve. Georgina would come into his room and perform the offices of nurse with careful exactitude. Now and then she brought the boys in to stand at his bedside and let him clasp their hands. Sylvan would be very gentle and demure; Gerald would sometimes press his warm, plump cheek against the chill and thin paternal hand, and show with trembling lips and fearful eyes the depths of his pity and regret. Dr. Thorndyke would drop in twice a day, always ordering continued silence by the clatter of his forefinger, and always uttering, as well, words of sympathy mixed with cheer. Meanwhile Maynard still suffered beyond words, and at last, one evening, he determined to suffer no longer in just this same horrible way. He might be called upon to endure fresh miseries, but at least they would be of a new and less ghastly kind. His wife had left him; the candles were lit in his small bedchamber; he was quite alone; he would be only a step to his laboratory. He felt much stronger than at any time since his awakening to consciousness.

After slowly quitting his bed and standing erect on the floor, he felt better still. A dressing-gown lay on a near chair, and he hastily ensheathed his form in its folds. The room was cold, and he longed for slippers yet could find none. Soon ceasing the quest for them, he glided into the outer hall, carrying with him a box of wax-tapers which he had snatched exultantly from the mantel.

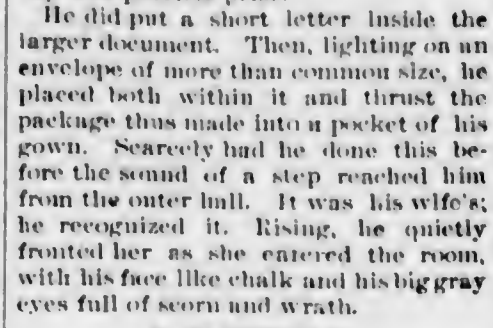
To gain his dark laboratory was but the work of a minute. To light his gloom took even less time. There he was, girl by the old scene of his toil and yearning. With gaze that shot from corner to corner of the well-known room, he sought for his lost flask. Nowhere! He scented, like some heavy and repulsive smell, the treachery of his wife. Soon he gave up searching. What if at any moment some new illness gripped him? And there was his desk; paper, pens, ink were on it, just as of old. To write out the full recipe of that incomparable drug would not take more than twenty minutes at the most.

He seated himself before the desk, and began to write. This was a message—perhaps a dying message—to his son, his eldest boy, Sylvan. He knew just how to frame the whole formula; he had thought it all out while prone

there in his speechless torture. What a fine steadiness his hand had! How his pen darted along the paper! After all, was he so ill as Ross Thorndyke had thought? Two pages already—four, five, six; why, in a little while every thing would be told. And such a vengeance on his thieving wife, who had dared to call this wondrous rape from the locked vaults of science an insult to Omnipotence! "Never mind," he kept saying to himself, "if I do fail to recover the drug, Sylvan will get this. I'll make Ross Thorndyke swear he'll give it him when he's five-and-twenty. And I'll put a letter inside it, too—if my strength holds out, if I don't die here before I can fully bequeath to my eldest boy this peerless prize."

He did put a short letter inside the larger document. Then, lighting on an envelope of more than common size, he placed both within it and thrust the package thus made into a pocket of his gown. Scarcely had he done this before the sound of a step reached him from the outer hall. It was his wife's; he recognized it. Rising, he quietly fronted her as she entered the room, with his face like chalk and his big gray eyes full of scorn and wrath.

TO BE CONTINUED.



BREVITIES.

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's mouth is not half so large as the caricaturists picture it. He is by no means a homely man, as homely men go in these days.

Colonel Harvey, who has been appointed by Governor Abbott, of New Jersey, to be commissioner of banking and insurance, is only twenty-seven years of age.

Captain J. U. Collins, who has lately been appointed chief of the fishery exhibit at the Columbian exhibition, has been for thirteen years attached to the United States fish commission.

Twenty years ago some one stole a gold ring from W. S. Neesham, of Columbus, Ga. One day recently Mr. Neesham received the ring enclosed in an envelope without a word of explanation.

Baron Fava is quite a swell. He wears a monocle, exonerates, a big cane, and his manners are perfection. He is passionately fond of society, and goes wild over fine horses and fine equipages.

Daniel Dougherty, lawyer, orator and lecturer, is in the sixties, stands above medium height and wears bushy gray hair and whiskers. He is trustee of the Edwin Forrest Home for Disabled Actors.

The well-known London financier, Mr. Horniman, recently gave a little dinner at the Hotel Metropole, in that city, which cost nearly \$5,000. The butter-flies presented to each guest as souvenirs alone cost \$12,500.

Dr. William H. von Swartout has founded a new university society in New York, based, as he explained to a meeting in Cooper Union, on his individual ownership of the earth. "The Planet is Mine" is his motto.

The Earl of Albemarle, now in his ninety-second year, is one of the few survivors of Waterloo. He was present at the famous ball in Brussels on the eve of the battle, and left the ballroom to join his company in the field.

Bank President Thomas L. James, ex-editor, ex-inspector of customs, ex-deputy collector of the port, ex-postmaster and ex-postmaster general, is still young and vigorous, has no gray hairs to speak of, wears no whiskers, and goes to church on Sundays.

Both the parents of ex-Congressman McKinley are living at the old home in Canton, O., aged eighty-four and eighty-two respectively. The congressman is the baby of the family at the age of fifty-four. He has a brother who is consul at Hawaii, and the two have not met in fifteen years.

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Anna Eliza Young, who was the nineteenth wife of Brigham Young, is now Mrs. Dunning, and her husband is a member of the Michigan legislature.

Miss Sallie Cowan, of Vicksburg, Miss., is one of the beautiful women of the state. She is a typical blonde, with blue eyes, delicate features and golden hair.

Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie and Mrs. Ephie E. Williams are the founders, owners, managers, editors and reporters of Society, a local newspaper of Atlanta, Ga.

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson has temporarily settled in New York to complete arrangements for the publication of her biography of her great southern soldier husband.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has left England for a ramble through Italy. Her health is very precarious and the effects of her recent accident are telling severely upon her.

Evelyn Neall, a handsome English woman, has been arrested in Paris for marriage frauds. By advertising herself as a wealthy widow she succeeded in getting forty-three men to marry her.

The Baroness Fava is an Italian lady of rare accomplishments, who speaks several European languages fluently and correctly, as well as English. She is a great admirer of America, though the climate has prevented her from living here for two or three years.

Mrs. General Grant lives in the beautiful home near Central Park, presented to her husband, surrounded by comfort and luxury. Her maid acts as amanuensis and reader for the autobiography Mrs. Grant is slowly preparing. Besides the maid the menage includes an English butler and two servants.

A fire at Mt. Sterling destroyed the Commercial Hotel and Trimble's livery stable; loss \$21,000.

QUINNS SPAIN'S OINTMENT

JAY-EYE-SEE 2:10

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Housewives. It has been used for many years and is the only one of its kind.

W. E. JAY & CO., WHOLESALE, N. Y.

THE RILEY HOUSE, London, - - - Kentucky.

I have moved to my new Hotel and am better prepared than ever to accommodate the public. (Good Livery attached and every convenience desired.) Give me a call.

FRANK RILEY.



E. H. FARMER, TONSORIAL ARTIST.

Has a first class Barber Shop on Main street, opposite Farmers' House, and invites a share of your patronage. Prompt attention to every call and special attention to ladies and children. Work done in the latest style with neatness and dispatch.

88-89



CINCINNATI.

Making direct connections in Central Union depot for:

St. Louis, Michigan Points, Chicago, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and All KANSAS points.

Indianapolis and the West.

Canada, New England.

New York, Boston.

Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Louisville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Richmond, Cincinnati, Shortest and Quickest line to

NEW ORLEANS.

Solid Trains, baggage, cars, smoking cars and coaches, Pullman Buffet Sleepers through without charge via Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, making direct connections en route for Knoxville, Asheville, Lynchburg and points in the

CAROLINAS.

At Chattanooga for Atlanta, Columbus, Wilmington, Charleston, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, Brunswick, Lake City, Thomasville and FLORENCE points.

The only line running solid trains with choice Pullman Buffet or Palace Sleeping Cars to Jacksonville without change for any class of passengers or baggage.

Selma and Montgomery, Huntsville, Decatur, Florence, Memphis and All KANSAS points. Shortest and quickest to Anniston, Selma, Mobile. Direct connections made at NEW ORLEANS without omnibus transfer for Gulf Coast, Houston, Austin.

TEXAS, MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.

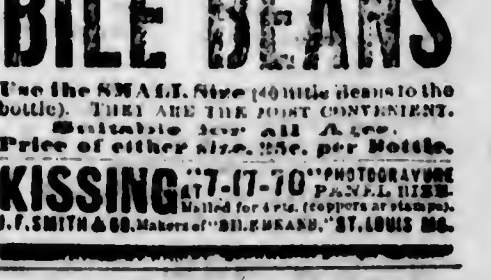
The only through line to Jackson and Vicksburg, Miss., Shreveport, La., making direct connections without omnibus transfer for Dallas, Fort Worth, Austin, San Antonio, El Paso and points in

TEXAS, ARIZONA, MEXICO, CALIFORNIA.

For through rates, correct county maps and full information call on Agent at Junction City, Ky., or address:

FRANK W. WOOLLEY, Trav. Pass Agt., Lexington, Ky.

C. C. HARVEY, D. G. WARD, Vice-President, Cincinnati, O.



FOR MEN ONLY!

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL Size (40 pills) to the bottle. THE ARE THE MOST CONCENTRATED. Suitable for all A.C. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle. KISSING 7-17-70. J. F. SMITH & CO. Sole Agents, "BILBEANS," ST. LOUIS, MO.

A RUNNING FIGHT.

FORREST'S PURSUIT AND CAPTURE OF STREIGHT'S UNION RAIDERS.

Streight Had Two Days' Start, but Forrest Rode Hard and Fast—Harried and Ambushed and Burned Bridges Did Not Thwart the Pursuers.

[Copyright, 1884, by American Press Association. Book rights reserved.]



Imagination, he never met with disaster. And if he could not successfully become a superior force under Col. A. D. Streight, of Rosecrans' army, in the spring of 1863, Streight's expedition was intended not to dash across the Tennessee river, in northwestern Alabama, reach the rear of Bragg's Confederate army, then stretched in form across the southern central Tennessee to cover Chattanooga, and there tear up, burn and otherwise destroy railways, mail lines, depots, and other facilities, or whatever else could be used to make easy paths for the fighting men in gray. It proved a stupendous contrast.

The Confederates had a force of cavalry under Col. P. D. Roddy guarding the Tennessee where Streight was to cross over, and a heavy force of Union infantry and cavalry was sent to the region to clear the road for Streight. Roddy had about 1,500 men. Streight's force numbered 1,700, and his supports, under Gen. G. A. Dodge, about 8,000. In the emergency Bragg sent Forrest with his brigade to unite with Roddy and take care of the plucky raiders. Streight marched from Tusculum, Ala., on the 26th of April, in a southeasterly course toward Moulton. Gen. Dodge had driven the Confederates beyond that point, but he told Streight that Forrest was across his path, and then left him to take care of himself as best he could. The raiders passed on from Moulton toward Blountsville, on Black Warrior river, and not until the 30th, while passing through a gap in Sand Mountain, did they feel the presence of any strong opposition.

Dodge's movement in strong force had held Forrest's attention along the Tennessee river until Streight was nearly a hundred miles away, galloping on toward Rome, Ga. Forrest at once prepared for the pursuit. He selected the highest pieces of cannon, with the strongest harness and the best teams, and started on the morning of the 29th in the direction of Moulton. He was about two days behind Streight, but the friendliness of the people aided him, and by swift riding night and day he caught up with the raiders on the 30th at Sand Mountain, and at once packed into their rear guard at the foot of the Mountain Gap. The Confederates had a preponderance of force at this point, but the situation compelled their leader to divide into two columns, one for direct pursuit and the other to look out for the flanks and prevent Streight from turning and doubling. Forrest remained with the pursuing party, which consisted of two regiments and a battalion and one battery.

Streight posted his men on a ridge, clinging to the rear and awaited the attack. Forrest moved up direct in front with two regiments, and personally led a tanking party to gain the rear of the raiders should they be driven back. The Confederate artillery advanced boldly, and Streight's forward companies retired before it. The Confederate infantry charged, but were met with a blinding fire from concealed raiders and quickly fell back. Streight had two mountain howitzers, also concealed, and, sending confusion into Forrest's ranks with these, he ordered a charge, which effectively scattered the whole Confederate line. Two cannon, with muzzles, and forty prisoners fell into Streight's hands.

The pluck of the raiders compelled Forrest to call in his tanking parties. Streight, however, did not wait to fight a battle, but took advantage of the hour to continue his march southward. Forrest again sent out a tanking column to watch for the return of the raiders, and with two regiments dashed on in pursuit. Col. Roddy, with one regiment and one battalion, was sent back to the Tennessee again. A running fight followed, and Streight finally stood at bay behind a creek near Blountsville. It was plain to the raiders that their trip to Georgia was not to be a holiday affair. Their pursuers showed a persistence and dash equal to their own, and charged the position again and again. The fight lasted from dusk until 10 o'clock p. m., and at



A PERILOUS RIDE.

times the combatants were not over a hundred feet apart, and depended upon the flashing of weapons for light to fire by. At last the Confederates made a desperate charge, which Streight repulsed by using up all the ammunition belonging to his captured cannon. He spiked these guns and resumed his march forward toward Blountsville. Forrest's advance pursued boldly, but was twice led into ambush. At 10 o'clock on the 1st of May Streight was in Blountsville, having accomplished half his march and fought two severe battles. In order to lighten his belongings he packed his ammunition upon mules and burned the wagons, and after gathering food supplies started for Gadsden on the Coosa. Forrest was about an hour behind, and between Blountsville and the east branch of the Black Warrior river, the raiders ambushed their pursuers again and

again. The latter were not to be rebuffed, however, and at the crossing of the river Streight found that he was so hard pushed that it required all his command at hand to cover the ford.

After crossing the Black Warrior Forrest wheeled out his poorest animals, and sent them with their riders back to Blountsville. He also sent back all his mules but two, and with about 200 men he spurred onward to gather up the raiders. Before setting out on this last desperate charge of the Confederates were seen nothing in their seats as they rode. Their leader made them a little speech in the presence of a number of women who had assembled to greet the column, and ended by asking all who were willing to follow to the end or die in trying to respond. They did so to a man with a ringing yell, and at a signal the raiders flowed onward at a gallop.

The raiders were making good speed, and the pursuers found no harder matter than the slender rear guard all the way to Gadsden and even beyond. At the crossing of Black creek, a small tributary of the Coosa, Streight's rear guard turned the heads and planted themselves on the opposite bank to harass Forrest's men while crossing. It was broad daylight, the 2d of May, and the Confederate leader, anxious to be at it, but very cautious about exposing his men, was at a loss how to meet the difficulty. Finally one of a group of admiring women such as always hung about Forrest's ranks when he led the men held out of view for fear of being told to fall in and fight—offered to guide him to an old ford where there was a chance of crossing. She was a comely young girl, and her mother tried to dissuade her, but it ended in her clumping to a seat behind the general. When the horse began to descend the steep, rough bank of the ravine the fair girl put her arms around Forrest's waist and bravely held on, and in every way played the role of a heroine. When some of the bullets of Streight's sharpshooters whistled around the daring couple, and even rangled at their clothing, the plucky miss laughingly said, "They've only wounded my ermine," and after a dozen like episodes the ford was pointed out. A few Confederate shells quickly sent the Union guard a flying, and Forrest with much labor put his command across the deep and rapid stream in a couple of hours.

At Gadsden, three miles distant, Forrest found the debris of a quantity of arms and other military stores that the raiders had destroyed, but the bold riders themselves had impressed the dearest horses they could reach, and made off in hot scampers toward home. Again Forrest divided his force, and taking 200 picked men and animals gave chase so rapidly that he caught up with Streight about 5 o'clock that day, after a fifteen mile race that startled the sleepy farming region as with a whirlwind.

The raiders had formed in line of battle, and their skirmishers answered the Confederate challenges—most gallantly, showing a lead front only to lead their hot blooded pursuers into a well laid ambush.



"ENOUGH TO DESTROY YOUR COMMAND IN THIRTY MINUTES."

They selected for the purpose a point where the road made a wide detour with a couple of sharp bends to avoid the rich, level fields of a plantation. The road was obstructed by barbed wire well matted, but the fences alongside had been leveled for the convenience of Forrest's men in thinking the horses. Beyond the field Streight posted 500 men in a thicket to shoot down the Confederates, who it was supposed would move with due caution and perhaps some confusion.

But Forrest closed up his ranks and charged with such celerity that he rode through the skirmishers and fell upon the men in ambush before they could arouse themselves to do execution. The raiders lost 50 men, and one of their best colonels was killed. Streight held on until dark, and then drew off toward Rome, where he had sent a force to hold the bridge until the main body should arrive. Forrest bivouacked his men and awaited the coming of the dawn. Left behind at Gadsden. On the morning of the 3d the Confederates mustered 500 effective men, and at an early hour got under way to follow up the pursuit. The route lay along the west bank of the Coosa, and at the first crossing, which was Gaylesville, the bridge was found in ashes. The raiders had passed over in the night, and had done their best to cut the company of Forrest's zealous troops. But rolling rivers had no terrors for these men. They stripped to the skin and carried over the horses across, and in an hour were in line on the east side ready for the march.

Streight had found himself obliged to halt his men for sleep and refreshment, and about 9 o'clock Forrest struck his bivouac. The raiders were so thoroughly worn out by their hard ride that when formed in line of battle they lay down and slept in the midst of a heavy skirmish fire. Forrest closed in on both flanks and center, and then demanded surrender "in order to stop the further effusion of blood." Streight asked that proof be given that the force opposed to him was numerically equal to his own, to which Forrest replied that he would not humiliate his men by such a course, for they had been equal to fighting and driving the raiders in every engagement of the preceding three days.

At the moment Streight saw a section of Forrest's artillery galloping up inside the line established by the true, and protested against its further advance, casually inquiring of his opponent how much artillery he had. "Enough to destroy your command in thirty minutes," answered Forrest. After some further parley Streight consulted with his officers and decided to yield. He learned from the detachment that rode ahead to seize the bridge at Rome that the scheme was a failure. This left him completely powerless, as he had known for some time that he would be, unless he could beat Forrest in the race to Rome, cross the river there and leave his pursuers in the lurch by destroying the bridge. He surrendered 1,400 officers and men and had lost about 150 killed and wounded in his running fight. Forrest received the thanks of the congress at Richmond for the "daring, skill and perseverance" exhibited in this mad but successful pursuit.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

A FLUCTUATING FAITH.

OTHER KINDS OF FAITH; WEAK, BUT GOOD SO FAR.

The Intellectual Alone Will Never Guide to a Saving Faith; the Heart Must Be Won Before There Can Be Spiritual Life.

There is a kind of faith which was produced by the Saviour's testimony, and had much of hope in it, and yet it never came to anything. There is a temporary faith which believes Jesus in a sense and after its own way of understanding him, or rather of misunderstanding him. A great deal of disbelief and misbelief is current at the present day. We are encouraged by certain persons to include in our churches all that have any sort of belief; and, indeed, the line is to be more inclusive still, for those who have no belief at all are to find an open door. The church of Christ is to be a menagerie of creatures of every kind. If any of them come into this Noah's ark with beasts, they will also go out with beasts. Only those who enter by the door of regeneration and spiritual faith will in very deed be within the kingdom of the Lord.

Alas, my honest! beware of that faith which is a mere intellectual movement, which does not control the heart and the life. To come to faith through a cold argument, and to feel no spiritual life is but a poor business. You want a faith that leads you to an entire reliance upon the person of Jesus, to the giving up of everything to him, to the reception of him as your Saviour and king, your all in all. You have not believed unto eternal life unless you have so believed on him that you make him the foundation and corner stone of your hope.

Our Lord takes notice even of the lowest sort of faith. When he saw that these people believed him in a measure, and were willing to accept his testimony so far as they comprehended it, he looked upon them hopefully and spoke to them. Out of a weak and imperfect faith something better may arise. Saving faith in its secret beginnings may be contained in this common and doubtful faith. It is written, "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Certainly he can find it if any one can. He has a very quick eye for faith. He deals with little faith as we used to do with a spark in the timber in the days of our boyhood. When we had struck a spark and it fell into the tinder—though it was a very tiny one—we watched it eagerly, we blew upon it softly, and we were zealous to increase it, so that we might kindle our match thereby.

When our Lord Jesus sees a tiny spark of faith in a man's heart, though it be quite insufficient of itself for salvation, yet he regards it with hope, and watches over it, if, haply, this little faith may grow to something more. It is the way of our compassionate Lord not to quench the smoldering flax nor break the bruised reed. If any of you have only a little faith now, and that marred by ignorance and prejudice, it may be like a connecting thread between you and Jesus, and the thread may thicken to a cable.

Our Lord addressed himself especially to these questionable believers. He turned from his assured disciples to look after those who were more in danger. It is clear that he encourages them, but he does not flatter them. He says "if," "if," "if" over and over like a threatening word. Wisely does our Lord commence his word to them with "if." "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." Continuance is the sure test of the genuine believer. Our Lord does not say: "Go your way. You are not my disciples." But he in effect says: "I stand in doubt of you. The proof of your discipleship will be your persevering in your faith." If we say that we believe in Jesus we must prove it by abiding in believing and by still further believing.—Dr. Talmage in Christian Herald.

Look Up—Look Up!

Oh, doubting soul, tossed to and fro with fears and questionings, hast thou heard him thyself? Today thou art casting about for a faith, or searching for a message. It may be thou didst once believe because of another's testimony, and when the life contradicted the testimony thy faith perished. Or thou didst believe because of another's saying, but when death stilled the voice of the witness whispers of earthly doubt entered into thy soul and thy faith failed thee. Today thou cravest for faith, for rich assurance; that wouldst have the voice of doubt silenced, the unrest of years changed to peace; thou seekest a faith that is simple, sublime, immovable. Such a faith must be gained at Christ's feet; it is found where he abides; it is granted to those who hear Him themselves. "Arise! The Master is come, and calleth for thee."—Churchman.

As a man advances in learning he becomes impressed with the meagerness of his attainments. So humility will mark true progress in the Christian life. Where there is advance there will be a clearer perception of our own shortcomings and sinfulness. The more earnest and continued our struggle the more conscious shall we be of our own susceptibility to temptation and the necessity of vigilance and effort to overcome evil. Paul when he had made great progress felt more than ever the necessity of pressing toward the mark of his high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Christian Inquirer.

"His allowance was a continual allowance given him of the king, a daily rate for every day, all the days of his life." (1 Kings, xxv, 30.)

Charge not thyself with the weight of a year, Choose not the Master, faithful and dear— Choose not the cross for the coming week, For that is more than he bids thee seek. Bend not thine arms for to-morrow's load; Thou may'st leave that to thy gracious God. "Tally," only, he saith to thee, "Take up thy cross and follow me."—New York Observer.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.—Charron.

A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM.

Affecting Instances of God's Care for the Afflicted.

Spare not the stroke do with us as thou wilt; Let there be might in thine anger, in thine wrath; Complete thy purpose, that we may become Thy perfect image, O our God and Lord!

It is natural for us to shrink from suffering, and yet how well we know that is but the sculpture of discipline—the Master's own hand hewing and polishing with his skillful chisel. The hidden beauty must be brought out, the sweet music in our souls must be awakened. Is the enchanter? Yes, but God holds it to our lips, and it is no poisoned draught. Is our temptation a great one? Jesus is our refuge—the tower wherein lies safety. Are we faint and weary? There is the living bread for us. Is the struggle a long one and the fight hot? Our Saviour is our shield.

Gottlieb went to visit a person in deep affliction and sorrow, and was told by the family that he would find him in the garden. Thither he followed, and found him employed in clearing a vine of its superfluous leaves. After a friendly salutation he inquired what he was doing. "I find," was the reply, "that owing to the abundant rain this vine is overgrown with wood and leaves, which prevents the sun from reaching and ripening the grapes. I am therefore pruning part of them away that it may bring its fruit to maturity." Gottlieb rejoined, "And do you find that in this operation the vine resists and opposes you? If not, why are you displeased that a gracious God should do to you what your vine must not be displeased that you do to it?"

Becher says: "Don't think God is destroying them because he is punishing them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pitch, but it is not to break it, but to use it fully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack."

Some one tells the story of a mother who had learned the secret of philosophy and true Christian faith. She had endured a long and painful illness with great patience. The evidence of her suffering often caused her attendants to weep with sympathy. The heroic sufferer replied to her attentive daughter, whose tears fell upon her mother's face, "Patience, darling; it is only the chiseling." When Scoresby was selecting his men to accompany him in his arctic explorations, he needed sailors that could stand the severest exposures, and who had nerve to bear the worst trials. So every man who applied to accompany the expedition was made to stand barefooted on a great block of ice while the surgeon examined his body and Scoresby inquired into his past history. Scoresby were rejected at once, as they had not the nerve to endure the test. The men who stood the trial made up a band of the most glorious heroes. A writer, in commenting on the above, says: "So sometimes God tries us when he has in store for us some great undertaking. Many faint and excuse themselves from the start. Some endure, and make the heroes and leaders of the church."—Ernest Gilmore in Christian at Work.

The Great Forty Days.

The forty days immediately succeeding the resurrection of our Lord are wholly unique in his life as the son of man. Never before had he been seen under similar conditions; he will never be seen again under like circumstances. He had risen from the dead, but was not yet glorified. He was the same son of man with whom his disciples had lived in fellowship before his death; but his resurrection had wrought a change in his relation to them, and in theirs to him. They were not to know him after the flesh henceforth. The old intercourse based upon bodily recognitions was at an end. But before their purely spiritual fellowship with the ascended Lord began this brief and mediating season of intercourse was granted to them. It was not wholly like either the human fellowship of the past or the spiritual fellowship of the future, but partook of each in part—a reminiscence of the one, a preparation for the other.

The relation of these days to the demonstration of the resurrection as a fact is of the first importance. It was during this period that those convictions of the reality of the risen Lord were begotten from which nothing thereafter was able to swerve the disciples. Their Lord appeared among them, at intervals, with such frequency and so variously as to dispel every doubt of his reality and identity.—Christian Inquirer.

The Victor.

Yesterday, distress and gloom
Folded shroud and rock lewn tomb.
Where today is light and bloom.

Brooding darkness yesterday
On the spot where Jesus lay;
Now the stone is rolled away.

And triumphant voices ring
With the hymn the blessed sing:
Death at last has lost its sting.

Lost its sting and lost its sway,
O'er today or yesterday,
Where is now thy victory?

Where thy triumph, vanquishing grave?
Seas of pardon softly lave
Souls the Master rose to save.

And the Easter bells' glad strain
Is for all who, washed from stain,
Rise henceforth o'er sin and pain!

—Mary Lowe Dickinson in a recent Easter card.

Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but the sea of God's love— eternity—has no plummet to strike the bottom, and immensity no iron bound shore to confine it. Its tides are lifted by the heart of infinite compassion; its waves are the hosannas of the redeemed. The argosies that sail on it drop anchor at last amid the thundering salvos of eternal victory.—Talmage.

Why, my friends, should you be ashamed to be getting old? It is prima facie evidence that you have behaved tolerably well, or you would not have lived to this time. The grandest thing I think is, eternity, and that is very old.—Talmage.

No man ever offended his own conscience but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.—South.

THE WILLARD,

—[LATE ALEXANDER'S HOTEL.]—
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND IMPROVED.

Rates \$2.50 Per Day.
Cor. Jefferson, Center and Green Streets, opposite Court-House, LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. R. LOCAN, Manager.
A. W. Jones, J. J. Sullivan, J. L. Marshall, Clerks.

A. C. SINE.
J. N. MENEFEE

Stanford Lumber Yard,

The best selected stock and lowest prices in Central Kentucky.

LUMBER, SASH, FLOORING,
LATH, DOORS, CEILING,
SHINGLES, BLINDS, SIDING,
Veranda and Stairwork at city prices.

WOVEN WIRE AND SLAT FENCE

We carry a full stock of everything found in a

FIRST-CLASS LUMBER YARD.

Examine our designs and specifications before letting your contract building.

SINE & MENEFEE, Stanford, Ky.

REMOVED.

—Having Removed My Stock—

Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Queensware, Notions, Etc.,

Back to my old stand on Depot Street, where rent is cheaper, I can sell you goods Cheaper than ever before. All kinds of produce taken in exchange.

B. F. ROUT.

"Spring is here, and it's a hummer of a rosey-posey thing; Very soon it will be Summer, then of course it won't be Spring."

Gardening time has come and you will find

At A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

A large and select stock of N. Y. Seed Irish Potatoes, White and Red Onion Sets, Beans, Peas, &c., in bulk and an endless variety of Landreth's, Ferris and Crossman's Garden Seeds in papers and packages. Also Hoes, Rakes, Shovels, &c.

The Old Reliable Jeweler in the Lead.

A. R. Penny

Has the largest and

MOST COMPLETE STOCK

OF

Watches and Jewelry

ever shown in Stanford at prices as low as the lowest.

Remember that I have one of the best watch-makers in the State, who can do anything in Watch or Jewelry Repairing. Don't have to send jobs to the city. Engraving of all kinds beautifully done. Old gold and silver taken at market price. Your trade and work is solicited and I guarantee satisfaction.

A. R. PENNY.

STRAW HATS.

—

An Elegant Line

Just Opened.

—

NO OLD GOODS IN STOCK.

—

Stagg & McRoberts.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

—AT—

\$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

When not so paid \$2.50 will be charged.

| K. C. LOCAL TIME CARD. | |
|--|------------|
| Train leaves Howland at 7:00 a. m., returning at 5:20 p. m. | |
| L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD. | |
| Mail train going North..... | 7:30 p. m. |
| Express train " " South..... | 1:30 p. m. |
| Local Freight " " North..... | 3:15 a. m. |
| Local Freight " " South..... | 5:15 p. m. |
| The latter trains also carry passengers. | |
| The above is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster. | |

GRAB ORCHARD.

—Mr. Ward Moore gave a dance to his many friends on last Friday night. A good time was experienced.

—Mr. H. D. McClure has opened up a confectionery store and is running a soda fountain in connection. We wish him a profitable business.

—W. S. Thompson bought a piece of land containing 140 acres, known as the Aaron Fish land, for \$101.75; sold by G. M. Davison, master commissioner, the auctioneer being Col. J. P. Chandler.

—Mr. Emanuel Minks' house, on the Stanford pike, about two miles out from town, was consumed by fire Sunday night about 12 o'clock. The fire caught from the kitchen stove; nothing saved but some bedding. Mr. Minks is a Mason and stands high with his neighbors. The Masons furnished him with provisions and will help him in any other way they can.

—Mr. William Oaks, of the Walnut Flat neighborhood, and Miss Pearl Pollard, of this place, were married in Jellico on the 28th ult. Mr. John T. Bingham and Miss Fannie Coulter will be married in the parlors of the Gilcher Hotel, Danville, this Tuesday, evening, at 4 o'clock. The ceremony was solemnized by Rev. Robert H. Caldwell; the attendants are Mr. S. D. Magee and Miss Mary Curtis. Mr. Walter Garner and Miss Katie Curtis. Mr. Bingham is a highly esteemed gentleman and we congratulate him upon securing such a prize. May their life be one of prosperity and a continual honeymoon.

—Prof. J. W. Smith took his whole school to Brown Spring on May 1 and spent a day of unalloyed happiness. The order of the day was dancing, base ball, rambles over the hills and dales and an excellent dinner. At 12 o'clock the professor made a few remarks and had a "Queen of May" chosen, who was little Lockie Dillon, and being of the primary department, the professor left the crowning of the queen to the teacher of that department, W. J. Edmiston, who, after a few remarks suitable to the occasion, crowned the Queen of May, who never looked sweeter than she did that day, with her crown of wild flowers. The day passed off quietly and pleasantly. Music by the Crab Orchard Cornet Band, which was splendid.

—Messrs. George Dinwiddie and J. S. Edmiston spent Saturday and Sunday in Hustonville with Mr. Dinwiddie's folks. Mr. William Yantis and daughter, of Arkansas, were on a visit to his father's last week. Mrs. Annie Gover, nee Singleton, and baby, of Stanford, were up to see her mother, Mrs. M. A. Singleton. Mrs. Minnie Boyd, of Lancaster was the guest of Mrs. W. H. Beasley Sunday and Monday. Misses Annie and Lizzie Menefee and Montie Harris, of Stanford, and Miss Maggie Tucker, of Maywood, four of Lincoln's belles, were in Crab Orchard Sunday. Mrs. J. T. Higgins and daughter, Susie, have returned from Middleboro to make this their home again. Misses Sallie and Florence Flora, of Stanford, were the guests of the Misses Curtis last week. Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Mayfield are the guests of her father, Mr. William Stuart.

As for the feeling that we need rest, rest, it is often a fallacious one. It is action which makes muscle. The spirit of life enters into us when we take a vital part in to-day. Often we suffer from rest. A change of occupation is what we most need, as a rule, and the relief hours of an active person turn out to be very intelligent. We must rest, but we need not lose our electricity, which the will, the thought can command at all times, and which ought to be on guard, like an orderly, to summon us when we should become alert. Headaches evaporate if we must exert ourselves for those we love, or we must forget the pain, which is the same thing; and ill-temper cannot flourish unless we have idleness in which to reflect upon the notes belonging to some one else. With energy leading the way, ennui lifts from the horizon and we see color and distance again. There are women who labor day by day in hunger and despair. It seems as if others might labor in comfort and health, instead of sitting down to lassitude and sighs.—Harper's Bazar.

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL.—Frank Clark—There goes Kitty Winslow. She is one of the prettiest girls in New York.

Milly Taite—Indeed! You would hardly think it to look at her, would you?—Puck.

An agricultural editor says that the best article he ever saw on milk is cream. Some city people think it was not very widely copied.—Lowell Courier.

Teachers' Association.

As was announced, the Lincoln County Teachers' Association convened at Moreland recently, but in the town hall instead of the church. The attendance on the part of the patrons was not as large as was expected, but those who were there gave their undivided attention to what was said, which showed that they were much interested in the school work. About the usual number of teachers were present and they performed their duty with such tenacity and enthusiasm that it seems they are determined to awaken a new life in the common schools. The exercises were opened by some well selected songs by the choir which performed their part in a very commendable manner, after which prayer was offered by Rev. G. G. Ragan, followed by another appropriate song by the choir, which was rendered in such melodious strains that it carried cheerfulness to every heart and thoroughly prepared the audience to listen to the profound discussions which followed. Mr. G. U. Fry in a pointed speech discussed "How Can a Uniformity of Text Books be Secured in the Schools of Lincoln County?" stating that the law required the county superintendent to prescribe a series of text books for the county to be used five years without change and insisted that this law be enforced. Miss Cettie Thurmond and Squire J. A. Chappell followed with brief addresses after which Supt. W. F. McClary took up "Can Any Plan be Adopted to Grade the Common Schools; if so What is it?" and talked at some length, quoting the law which permits the establishing of graded schools and forcibly impressed upon the patrons the necessity of having good schools at home. Prof. L. T. Cole supplemented the theme with a few remarks followed by Mrs. Cole, who presented a plan to grade the common schools, which was a very systematic one, giving in full the entire course and the required time to complete it. The choir then broke the monotony of the speaking by another beautiful song, after which the discussions were continued by Prof. L. T. Cole with a 15 minutes' talk on "How Can Satisfactory Literary Work be Conducted in the Common Schools?" detailing many ways in which literary work can be taught successfully. Squire J. A. Chappell then came forward and expatiated upon the important subject of "How Can We Make Our Work a Profession and Attain the Highest Perfection?" sending a broadside at those teachers who taught five months and engaged in farming during the remaining seven and making it plain that it was their duty to devote their entire time to teaching and educating themselves. Miss Cettie Thurmond followed with an interesting paper on the same subject, which was full of good thoughts and suggestions. Mr. Fry supplemented Squire Chappell's remarks with the idea that the school terms should be extended to nine and ten months a year and reasonable wages paid the teachers and then they could afford to devote their whole time to school work. The association then adjourned at 10:45 p. m. to meet at the next institute. We think this was the most interesting meeting of any we have had during the year and we feel certain that those who failed to be present lost a grand opportunity to give their aid in this glorious work. There will be a plan presented to the teachers at the next institute to grade the common schools and also a course of study. The superintendent will announce in due time the series of text books to be used the next five years, beginning July 9th. It is hoped that every teacher will give their hearty co-operation and aid in advancing the common schools this coming year.

G. U. Fry, Editor.

Bro. Walton, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, piously remarks: "Profanity is the most foolish of all sins, though the best of us must admit that there are times when it is almost as necessary as the blow-off cock of an engine." The editor of Bro. Barnes' home organ has evidently used the vicissitudes that daily confront every publisher. He has no doubt had his engine break as he was going to press, has received a costly and important telegram just after his edition was out, or possibly he has even attempted at times to get news over a telephone. In such cases as these it is only profanity that prevents the hurrying of blood vessels. Swearing is a foolish vice, as the good brother truly says, but we can not agree that at all times it is a useless waste of breath.—Louisville Post.

POLITICIANS UNSUBSTITUTABLE.—It is really amusing to see some of the newspaper boys tearing their hair over news of the candidates for governor. We remember how we once raved over the great Proctor Knott and he returned our faithfulness by a back-handed slap in the face the first opportunity. These great men generally pay their political debts that way. Better go slow boys.—Carlisle Mercury.

Jess So.—Everybody now dies of "heart failure." Von Moltke, at 93, goes by the heart failure route. It's got to be a term that, like charity, covers not only a multitude of sins, but a big volume of doctor's ignorance. We all die when the heart fails.—Lexington Transcript.

Dear girl, why do you keep me constantly on the rack?—Jenny—I don't want you to get separated from your hat.—Harper's Bazar.

JOHN MILLER'S SPEECH.

Made after the Adjournment of the Convention Saturday.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I have lived among you nearly 60 years and never before asked you to listen to anything from me that might be called a speech. If you will give me your attention for five minutes I will tell you as much as many speakers have told you in the same length of time who think they are good speakers, and will agree right now not to bother you again with another speech for 60 years more. As it is my maiden speech, you will excuse me for reading it.

About 1901 years ago there lived somewhere in Asia an old gentleman who had two boys and a pretty full supply of this world's goods. One of them was a good boy, stayed at home and worked hard at his work. The other was inclined to be gaily; he would curse, swear and blaspheme, gamble at cards, drink strong drink and run down into Sodom after harlots. Finally the home circle got too small for him. He called on his father, "presented his claim" for his part of the goods, went off and was gone for a long time. After spending all his means in "ringtons living," he came back. The old gentleman saw him "afar off," ran to him, took him in his arms, with his eyes, fifth lice, stinks and diseases about him, kissed him, took him to the house, put him in a big tub of water, scrubbed him off with a tow-linen towel, put clean clothes on him, sent him to the Hot Springs, had him cured of all manner of disease, brought him back home, killed the fat calf the good boy had been feeding and carrying for six months, put a diamond ring on his finger, rigged him up in a Prince Albert or spade tail coat, pair of tight pants, ruffled shirt, standing collar, shooshy necktie, patent leather pumps, a Batan cane and Derby hat (with snuffs and buttons were not fashionable then) invited in all the girls and boys from the surrounding country and such another dance and good cheer has not been witnessed on earth until to-day when the democracy met to receive back home the chief of sinners into full fellowship.

"While the lamp holds out to burn,

The vilest sinner may return."

So far as I am individually concerned, it gives me extreme pleasure to be yet honored as the captain of the "Old Guard," and it does seem to me that I have proven myself a great and good evangelist in the democratic cause. Why I have recently been the means of bringing back into the democratic household great numbers of Bro. Montgomery's followers who but yesterday, as it were, in our very last race, made by the gallant Warren whom we propose to further honor, told us that democratic principles were not worth a curse, by several damns, and one old gentleman was so elated and overjoyed at the very idea of getting back home that he actually voted all over town and I believe he handed round the dinner next day at meeting. These gallant men have rallied to the standard of our standard bearer and given him to us as the exponent of pure and unadulterated democracy and say that if Mr. Edmiston has not promised the — saloons too much that they may vote for him on the 3d of next August, whether he reads the new constitution or not.

We have met here to-day and crowned him Lord of all that democracy is to possess in Lincoln county for the next two years. We have put a new song in his mouth and he is to go forth singing the praises of Jefferson and his doctrine telling such benighted beings as I what genuine democracy is and to teach Chesterfield politeness.

Such is the man who leads us to-day, and if he leads with that zeal and success that he formerly led the enemy against us, there will go up a shout of victory not heard since the morning stars sang together and all the sons of men shouted for joy.

The sun rises in the "East End" of the county to-day with a brightness not seen for many years; it goes down in the "West End," giving a serene peace and security to a number of gentlemen from up there who hold the basket of ripe plums gathered from the public fruit stand, while here in this temple of justice nightly gather a club of courtly officials who unite in singing—

"When we've been here ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first began!"

But Dave says since I have begun the good work he intends to extend this reform still further. Amen and amen.

Don't you think I have been the means of accomplishing a great work? The peace-maker is the child of God and the meek are to inherit the earth and surely any time is at hand. I want something right now. I am as poor as Woolsey. I want you to make Dave pass around the hat, take up a collection of \$13 or \$14, take me to Louisville with him to rally around the flag of our gallant Warren and introduce me to every democrat in Kentucky. I think my work as an evangelist has been worth that much.

Democrats, I am at your service, ready, willing, to do battle. Gird on your armor, follow me; the old guard dies, but never surrenders. Dave, don't you wish you could talk that way? Don't you wish you belonged to the old guard? How many of your nice bows will you give for my tongue and head and record? But be of good cheer; we will cleanse you or all your uncleanness and love you freely. Go and sin no more; welcome home; may the Lord send salvation down and make you feel as happy as you well can feel.

I thank you, my countrymen, for your polite attention.

CARE OF LIVE STOCK.

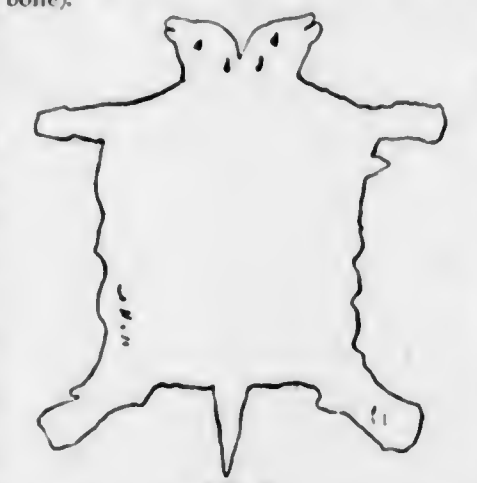
WHY SO MANY HIDES ARE WORTHLESS FOR LEATHER.

The Northwestern Hide and Fur Company Have Issued a Circular Telling Meat and Cattle Men How an Animal Ought to Be "Skinned."

The Northwestern Hide and Fur company, of Minneapolis, have made some suggestions about skinning animal carcasses that will be of use to our readers. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the rearers of live stock that every scar, cut or blemish in an animal's skin takes away largely from the value of the dressed hide. Brands upon the body, cuts from ox goads or whips, scratches or hurts of any kind run the price of the hide down in a rapidly descending scale. Where the live animal has been subjected to cruel treatment the skin is in many cases so injured as to be practically worthless.



Fig. 1 shows the position of the animal, and the dotted lines the course of the knife; fig. 2, a hide skillfully removed, and fig. 3 an ill shaped hide, not properly taken off, and hung on a fence, exposed to sun, wind and rain, and worthless, except for glue. In skinning the knife should run down to the armpit, then forward to the point of the brisket (not to the center, as many do). Do not cut the throat crosswise; stick it the same as you would a hog. Split the hide on the head exactly in the center, take out the horns and tail bone (the tail goes with the hide, but not the bone).



No one should attempt to skin a beef without a curved skinning knife. As one hole will pay for several knives it is folly to try to do without a good knife. In skinning keep the knife close to the hide and draw tightly with the left hand on the hide; by so doing you will not be liable to cut and scar them. For hides weighing from fifty to sixty pounds put an even water bucket of No. 1 coarse salt, larger and smaller in proportion; rub it on even, leave it spread out until the salt has struck in, then lay it on a pile, head on head and tail on tail, or roll them up in bundles. Hides treated thus, if not damaged by cuts, will bring the highest prices. To get best prices for hides never dry them.



The same instructions hold good in skinning fur animals, such as the bear, beaver, wolf, raccoon and badger; only they should be tacked up and dried without salt. Mink, fox, skunk and some others should be eased to bring best price. The cleaner you get them from meat the better.

The Kentucky Home for disabled and indigent Federal soldiers has been located. The trade was closed yesterday for a tract of land, with buildings on it, which can be promptly arranged for the reception of about 50 inmates, situated at the mouth of Harrod's creek. The site is healthy, attractive and conveniently accessible by rail, river and turnpikes. The owners of the tract, one of whom, Maj. W. H. Thomas, was a gallant Confederate soldier, made a handsome donation of \$500. This beneficent institution can now be considered a fact accomplished, but further contributions are needed to enlarge its accommodations, render it attractive as well as comfortable and make it an institution creditable to the State. We have no doubt they will be forthcoming.—Louisville Commercial.

CONSISTENCY.—"I hear that Mrs. Barlow is disputing her late husband's will." "Why, I thought he left everything to her." "So he did, but she never let the old man have his own way. It's a matter of principle with her."—New York Sun.

Bro. Summers, of the Elizabethtown News, scores this good point: "The subscription price of this paper has not been increased by the McKinley bill, but we want to disabuse the minds of some people of the idea that it has been put upon the free list."

Any—"I confess that I love you, Jack, but tell me—how could you support a wife? You have no money, I'm told."

Jack Puffer—"Oh, that's all right. I'm going to give up smoking."—Epoch.



ALEXANDER'S HOTEL,

Seventh and Market Streets,

Louisville, - - - Kentucky,

WILL OPEN MON. M. MAR.

Having sold out our entire interest in the hotel on Jefferson street, we have moved to our new stand that we occupy for years on the corner of Seventh and Market streets, are now fitting it up in elegant shape, new throughout and the outfit will in every way be elegant, including one of Hale's Safety Elevators and Baggage Elevators, with all the late improvements. We want all our old friends to come and see us in our old home. We promise you that our rooms, table and street shall be as good as new in our land. My wife, Mrs. J. H. Alexander, waits on customers in all our lady rooms, and she will be glad to see them and give them a hearty welcome. Four to per day and up. J. H. ALEXANDER, Manager.

DO NOT MISS

The Opening Chapters but Subscribe Without Delay.

A Romance of Two Brothers,

Edgar Fawcett's Latest and Best Work, is not an ordinary love story.



PREPARING THE ELIXIR.

It is an account of love-making under difficulties, told in an unique way.

It is a story free from all objectionable features, one that you can read to your wife and daughters with bringing a blush to their faces.

Remember that we have secured "A Romance of Two Brothers" at great expense, for two reasons mainly: To keep at the head of journalistic enterprise in this community, and to oblige our friends who will be sure to appreciate every line of this, the choicest romance of the year.

A Romance of Two Brothers

Will be published by no other paper in this vicinity. If you are fond of high-class fiction you can not do without it, hence you should subscribe for the best paper in your town in time to secure the whole of this charming tale.

"Best Story of the Year."

That is what competent critics have called "A Romance of Two Brothers," the crowning work of that Eminent Novelist,

EDGAR FAWCETT.

The editor of this paper has secured this grand tale for your benefit. If you are wise you will wait no longer but

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE.

Bastin's Saw Mill.

I have finished my new Saw Mill on the Somerset pike, 7 miles from Stanford, and am prepared to furnish any kind of LUMBER, MILLWORK, etc., at LOWEST PRICES. I will sell the lumber at the mill or deliver, to suit purchasers. Give me a trial. Postoffice, MAYWOOD, KY. I will deliver sawed chestnut shingles at Stanford, Howland at \$2.25 per M. 43-77 A. H. BASTIN

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF STANFORD, KY.

Capital Stock.....\$200,000
Surplus.....16,500

Attention of the public, is invited to the fact that this is the only National Bank at Stanford. Under the provisions of the National Bank Act, depositors are secured not only by the capital stock, but by the stockholders' liability for an amount equal to the stock, so that depositors of this institution are secured by a fund of \$200,000. Five percent dividends of the condition of the bank are made each year to the United States government and its assets are examined at stated times by government agents, thus securing additional and perfect safety to depositors.

The institution, originally established as the Deposit Bank of Stanford in 1858, then reorganized as the National Bank of Stanford in 1863 and again reorganized as the First National Bank of Stanford in 1884, has had practically an unintermitted existence of 27 years. It is fully supplied now with facilities for transacting business promptly and liberally than ever before in its long and honorable career. Numerous corporations, firms, stores, banks and individuals respectfully solicited.

The Directors of this Bank is composed of

T. J. Foster, Stanford;
James H. Reid, Lincoln county;
J. W. Haynes, Stanford;
S. H. Bingham, Louisville;
S. H. Miller, Mt. Vernon;
S. J. Berry, Louisville;
S. H. Cox, Stanford;
G. A. Cook, Louisville;
J. H. H. Smith, Stanford;
W. G. W. H. Stanford;
W. P. Tate, Stanford.

OFFICERS

J. S. Barker, President;
James H. Reid, Cashier;
J. W. Haynes, Assistant Cashier;
A. A. McKee, Assistant Cashier.

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act

By Act